Cambria Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

OLUME IX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1875. NUMBER 8.

MPORTANT
NOTICE!
TO ALL
HOM IT MAY CONCERN!

Owing to the great scarcit of money and the long con- ed neglect of many of my customers to up their indebtedness for the past year ore, I am compelled to adopt

NOTHER SYSTEM

oing business. Very many of my cus- rs have allowed their accounts to run such an unreasonable length of time a great loss to me, without any benefit emselves, has been the result. Hence that I find it

ossible to Continue the Credit System

at the same time keep up my stock meet my obligations promptly.

am sincerely thankful for the liberal onage that has been extended to me, now earnestly ask one and all who are bted to me, no matter how large or small the amount, to call and settle, er by cash or note,

ORE THE 1ST DAY OF JANUARY, 1875,

need and must have money. Believ- as I do from past experience (which I paid well for) that it will be better me as well as for my customers to adopt ready-pay system,

I WILL NOT,
r the FIRST of JANUARY, 1875,
SELL ANY GOODS ON CREDIT.

am fully convinced that in three cases of four persons buying goods never find ore convenient time to pay than when make their purchases, and as an in- ment to my customers to buy for cash exchange for country produce, I will, r the above date,

OCK OFF ONE-HALF the PROFIT

tofore realized in this place on goods e same class.

oping that my old customers will take ffense at the new mode of doing busi- I am about to adopt, but will contin- o favor me with their patronage on a ly cash basis, which they will be sure nd the very best for all concerned, I e myself to mark my goods down to owest cash rates.

ONE PRICE TO ALL!
COMPETITION DEFIED!
IN GOODS AS WELL AS PRICES.
George Huntley,
DEALER IN
es, Hardware, Tinware, Groceries,
Paints, Oils, &c., &c.,
EBENSBURG, PA.

. Manufacturers and others who some- find it necessary to send orders for goods gh their employes, can make special ar- ments, with the understanding that their nts will be paid in full at the end of each h. [Dec. 11, 1874.]

HE TIMES.

FIRST-CLASS NEWSPAPER.

ily and Weekly.

ependent in Everything!
Neutral in Nothing!

sed to all Corrupt Rings in Mu- pal, State and National Affairs.

e DAILY TIMES

issued on Saturday, the 13th of March, 1875, ery morning thereafter, Sundays excepted, the editorial direction of A. K. M'Clure. compactly from clear, new type, on a large eet, containing all the news of the day, ing the Associated Press Telegrams. Spe- legrams and Correspondence from all points rest, and fearless editorial discussions of all t topics. Price, TWO CENTS. subscriptions, postage free, Six Dollars per , or FIFTY CENTS per month, in advance.

e Weekly TIMES

issued on Saturday, March 20th, and week- reafter, containing all important news of the and complete Market and Financial Reports. led for one year, postage free, at the follow- es:

OPY....................$1.00
OPIES....................9.00
TY COPIES....................16.00

ittances should be made by Drafts or Post Orders. Address THE TIMES, No. 14 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

SSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that Florence Wille- of Allegheny township, Cambria county, ylvania, by deed of voluntary assignment signed all the estate, real and personal, of id Florence Willebrand, to H. Kinkead, of burg, in said county, in trust, for the benefit creditors of the said Florence Willebrand. rsons, therefore, indebted to the said Flor- Willebrand will make payment to the said ee, and those having claims or demands ake known the same without delay.

H. KINKEAD, Assignee.
nsburg, Feb. 12, 1875.-6t

[GEO. W. OATMAN, Counsel.]

MINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of JAMES PHALEN, dec'd.

ers of Administration having been granted undersigned, by the Register of Cambria , on the estate of JAMES PHALEN, late of township, Cambria county, dec'd, all per- ndebted to said estate are required to make iate payment, and those having claims are ed to present them duly probated for settle.

MARY PHALEN, Adm'x.
26, 1875.-6t. HENRY BEHE, Adm'r.

ECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN B. MYERS, dec'd.

ers testamentary on the estate of JOHN B. , late of the Borough of Loretto, Cambria , Pa., dec'd, have been issued to the subscri- ding in said borough. All persons indebt- e above named estate are notified that pay- ust be made without delay, and those hav- ms against the same will present them pro- authenticated for settlement.

26, 1875.-6t.* APPALONIA MYERS.

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW.

How little we know of each other,
As we pass through the journey of life,
With its struggles, its fears and temptations,
Its heart-breaking cares and its strife!
We can only see things on the surface,
For we people glory in sin,
And an unruffled face is no index
Of the tumult that rages within.

How little we know of each other!
The man who to-day passes by
Blessed with fortune and honors and titles
And holding his proud head on high,
May carry a dread secret with him,
Which makes his bosom a hell,
And he, sooner or later, a felon,
May writhe in a prisoner's cell.

How little we know of each other!
That woman of fashion who sneers
At the poor girl, betrayed and abandoned,
And left to her sighs and her tears,
May, ere the sun rises to-morrow,
Have the mask rudely torn from her face
And sink from the height of her glory
To the dark shades of shame and disgrace.

How little we know of each other!
Of ourselves too little we know;
We are all weak when under temptation—
All subject to error and woe.
Then let blessed Charity rule us—
Let us put away envy and spite—
For the skeleton grim in our closet
May some day be brought to the light.

BLOWN UP.

Can't say, I'm sure, sir. Been used to bilers all my life; but working 'em's different to making 'em. There's something wrong, as you say, or they wouldn't always be a-bustin'. 'Tain't once, nor twice, nor now and then, for it's a thing as is always a happening; and though I've never had more than a scald or two myself, I've seen some strange sights—men all blown to pieces, so that they were picked up afterward in baskets; men taken to the hospital with their flesh hanging to them in rags, and they'd lie writhing and tearing at the wrappings in such agony that—there, I ain't above owning it—I've cried like a child to see my poor mates' sufferings. And there they'd be, day after day, till a sort of calm came over them, and the pain went, when they'd quite smile if you spoke to 'em, they seemed so easy; and it would be because a gentle hand was laid upon 'em, and they were going into the long sleep.

Some gets better, but not when they're scalded badly; for it's strange stuff, is steam. Well, no; I'm not afraid, and never do feel afraid. What's the good? One's got it to do, and there's the mouths at home to feed, so one can't afford it; and then the odds are precious long ones against it being one's own bustin. But now so many more steam engines are coming into use, day by day, it seems as if something ought to be done in the way of making bilers stronger. Cheapness is cheapness; but then a thing's dear at any price that makes such ruin as I've seen sometimes; so why don't they try some tougher metal than iron?—though, certainly, steam's strong enough to tear up anything. But there seems to me to be some fresh plan wanted for making bilers. I didn't work there, but I went and had a look d'reckly after that horrible accident at the Big Works last autumn. Well, there was about an acre of buildings, sheds and setrer, swept away as if you'd batter'd 'em all down; great fire bricks weighing a hundred and a half pitched here and there like chaff; sheets of lead sent flying a hundred yards; tall chimneys powdered down, and the big busted biler itself jumped right out of its place; while as to the middle of it, that was torn off and crumpled up, and blown, like a sheet of paper, to a distance. Plenty of life lost there, and plenty of escapes; but what I took most notice of was the plates torn off the biler; torn off, as I said before, like so much paper, while these sheets or plates of iron had given away to the rivets, and looked for all the world like torn-off postage stamps; torn off, of course, along the perforating.

"Now, then," I says to myself, "that's a thing as wants altering. You perforate the edges of your plates to admit rivets, and so take half their strength off—p'r'aps more; then you puts, perhaps, hot rivets in, and they p'r'aps crystallizes the iron—only p'raps; mind, I don't so, only the raw edges of the biler looked crystally and brittle. Well, then, some day comes a hextry pressure o' steam, and up goes your biler—busted, and spreading ruin, and death, and misery around."

"Then how are we to fasten our biler plates," says you, "if we don't rivet 'em?" How should I know? I ain't a scientific man—I only stokes. That's for you to find out. But you ain't a-going to tell me, are you, that you scientific men and biler-makers can't find no other way to make bilers only by riveting them? Say you bends the plates edges over, and hooks one into the other, like tin sarspan-makers does their tin. They'd stand some strain that way, and you wouldn't weaken your plates. I ain't a biler-maker, or I should try that dodge, I think; but there, that's only one way out of many as could be found by experiment.

Seems to me, sir, as if we English people hates anything new, and always wants to keep to what our fathers and grandfathers had before us. They went along and made their footmarks, and we go along after 'em, putting our feet in just the same spots, thinking it must be right, come what will of it.

Had to do with engines many years. Stoked locomotives and stationaries, agriculturals and manufactories, and printing offices, and been down in the engine-rooms of steamers; and that last's about the hottest and worst of all. Killing work, you know, for any body, specially in a hot country, where every breath of air that comes down to you is already roasted, as it were, and can't do you no good.

Bustins? Well, no, only one, and that was quite enough; for though it didn't hurt any body it did hurt my heart, and if you happen to be a father you'll understand what I mean.

It was dinner-time at our work—a great place, where the engine used to be going to pump water night and day, so that there were two of us; one week I'd be on day-work, next week night-work, and so on. Now, it so happened that our water in that part was terribly hard—water that would cover the inside of a biler with thick fur in no time. But whether it was that or not I can't say; all I know is that one dinner-time I went out into the yard to wash my hands and have a cooler, when I heard a strange, wild, rustling noise, and felt something hit me on the back of the head; and then, turning round, I stood fixed to the spot, for the air was black with tiles, and brick, and laths, and rafters, while the whole place seemed to be crumbling up together, just like if you'd built up a tall card house, and then tapped it so that one card fell on top of another till there was a little heap all lying close and snug; so that out of a tall building there was nothing left but some smoking ruins.

I know it was not my fault, for I had looked at the guage just before, and the pressure of steam wasn't heavy. I know there was plenty of water in the biler, and the safety-valve was all right; so that all I could do was to be thankful for the accident happening at dinner-time, and also for my own wonderful escape. And then, though I wasn't hurt, something seemed to come over me like a flash, and struck me to the ground in an instant.

When I came to, I felt horribly sick and deathly like, and I looked about from face to face, wondering what was the matter, for I couldn't make it out why I should be a lying on my back, with people round me in the yard—one holding up my head, and another sprinkling my face with water.

Then it all came back at once, and I shuddered as I turned my head and looked at the ruined works; for I knew what it was struck me down to the earth. I said before it was like a flash, and it was—it was the quick thought which came across my brain, for I knew that, being dinner-time, my little golden-haired gal would have brought my 'lowance tied up in a basin, and something had told me that she had gone into the stoke-hole to find me when I had gone into the yard.

"Let me get up," I says, and I ran toward the ruins and began tearing away at the heap of brick and rubbish, while the crowd now gathered together, hearing that there was some one underneath, began tearing away at the rubbish like fury.

By and by the police came and some gentlemen and something like order was got at, and people worked well to get down to where the stoke-hole had been. I had said there was some one there, but I couldn't shape my mouth to say who it was, and some said it was one man and some another; but whoever they named seemed to come directly back from his dinner or because he had heard the explosion. So, by and by, people began to look from one to another and ask who it was.

"Ask Wilum," says some one, "he was here at the time," and some one asked me. But I had no occasion to speak, for just then, alarmed at the child not going back as usual, the little gal's mother came shrieking out and crying:

"Where's little Patty? Where's little Patty?" And then, when no one spoke, she gave a sort of pitiful moan and sank slowly down—first on her knees and then sideways on to a heap of bricks; and I remember thinking it was best, for I could not find it in my heart to go to her help, but kept on tearing away at the hot bricks and rubbish.

It was puzzling and worriting, for one could not seem to be sure of where anything had once stood in the horrible confusion before us. One said the stoke-hole had been here, and another there; but even I, who had worked there two years, could not be sure amid the confusion.

Hour after hour went by, and still we worked on while, as every big rafter or beam was lifted or dragged away I was obliged to turn my head, for I felt sick, and the place seemed to swim; for I expected to see Patty's little bright curls torn out and hanging to the jagged wood, and that underneath there would be something horrible and crushed.

I know it wasn't manly, but what can I say when there was a little, bright, blue-eyed child in the case—one of those little things whose look will make your great rough hand fall to your side when raised in anger, while the tiny thing can lead you about and do what she likes with you? P'r'aps I ain't manly, but, somehow, children always seem to get the upper hand of me.

And so on we worked, hour after hour, men getting tired and dropping off, but always plenty ready to fill their places; while I—I never thought of it, but kept on tearing away till my hands bled, and the sweat ran down my face; but I turned away every time there was something large lifted, for I said to myself, "She must be under that!" And then again and again, in my mind, I seemed to see the torn and crushed face of my darling, and her long curls dabbed in blood.

In the midst of the piled-up blackened ruins—bricks, mortar, tiles, lead, and ragged and torn beams, huge pieces of wood snapped and torn like matches—we toiled on hour after hour till the dark night came, when the gas-pipes that had been laid bare and plugged were unstopped, and the gas lit, so that it flared and blazed and cast a strange wild light over the ruined place. There had been flames burst forth two or three times from parts of the ruins, but a few sprinklings from the fire-engine in attendance had put them out; and as we worked on the rubbish grew cooler and cooler.

Some said that the child could not have been there, but the sight of her mother tearing out was sufficient, when once she got away from the people who had her in their house—a house where but part of the windows had been broken by the explosion—and came running to where I was at work, snatching at the bricks and wood till I got two or three to take her back, for I couldn't have left where I was to have saved my life. But I remember so well asking myself why it was that women will let down their back hair when they're in a state of excitement, and make 'emselves look so wild.

By and by some one came to say how bad my wife was, and that she wanted to see me; but I felt that I couldn't go, and kept on in a fevered sort of way, work, work; and I've thought since that if she had been dying it would have been all the same. However, I heard soon after that she seemed a little better, and I found out afterward that a doctor there had given the poor thing something that seemed to calm her, and she went to sleep.

It would have been a strong dose, though, that would have sent me off to sleep, as still on, hour after hour, I worked there, never tiring, but lifting beams that two or three men would have gone at, and tossing the rubbish away like so much straw.

The owners were kind enough, and did all they could to encourage the men, sending out beer and other refreshments; but the heap of stuff to move was something frightful, and more than once I felt quite in despair, and ready to sit down and cry weakly. But I was at it again the next moment, and working with the best of them.

"Hadn't you better leave now?" said one of my masters; "I'll see that everything is done."

I gave him one look, and he laid his hand kindly on my shoulder, and said no more to me about going; and I heard him say, "Poor fellow!" to some one by him as he turned away.

We came upon the boiler quite half a dozen yards out of its place, ripped right across where the rivets went; while as for the engine it was one curious bit of iron tangle—rods and bars and pieces of iron and brass twisted and turned and bent about like so much string, and the great fly-wheel was broken in half a dozen places.

This showed us now where the great cellar-like place, the stoke-hole was, and we worked down now toward that, but still clearing the way, for how could I tell where the child might be? But it was weary, slow work, every now and then rigging up shears and fastening ropes and pulley and sheaf to haul up some great piece of iron or a beam, and, willing as every one was, we made very little progress in the dark night.

Once we had to stop and batter down a wall with a scaffold-pole; for the police declared it to be unsafe, and the sergeant would not let us work near it till it was down, and all the time I was raging like a madman at the check. But it was of no use, and the man was right. He was doing his duty, and not like me searching for the little crushed form of my darling in the cruel ruins. The people made me worse, for they would talk and say what they thought so that I could hear. One would say she might still be alive; another would shake his head, and so on; when I kept stopping in spite of all I tried not listening to what they said, and it all seemed so much lost time.

The engine-room was now cleared, and in spite of my trembling and horror, as every big piece was disturbed, nothing had been found, but all at once as we were trying to clear behind the boiler, and get down to the stoke-hole, one of the men gave a cry. I caught at the man nearest to me, and then lights, rubbish, the strange wild scene, all seemed to run round me, and I should have fallen only the man held me up, and some one brought me some brandy.

I was myself again directly, and, stumbling over the bricks to where a knot of men had collected, and a policeman had his bulls-eye lantern open, and they were stooping to look at something that lay just under a beam they had raised to the left of where I expected she would be found.

"Smashed," I heard some one with his back to me say; and then some one else, "Poor little thing, she must have run past here!"

Then, with my throat dry and my eyes staring, I crept up and thrust two men aside, right and left, when the other made way for me without speaking, and when I got close up I covered my face with my hands and softly knelt down.

The policeman said something and some one else spoke cheerily; but I couldn't hear what they said, for my every thought was upon what I was going to see. And now, for the first time, the great blind tears came gushing from my eyes, so when I slowly took down first one hand and then another, I was blinded and could not see for a few minutes; till, stooping a little lower, there, smashed and flattened, covered with mortar and dust, was my old red cotton handkercher, tied around the basin and plate that held my dinner, dropped here by my little darling.

For a few moments I was, as it were, struck dumb—it was so different a sight to what I had expected to see; and then I leaped up and laughed, and shouted and danced—the relief was so great.

"Come on!" I cried again; and then, for an hour or more we are at it, working away till the light began to come in the east, and tell us that it was daybreak.

Late as it was, plenty of people had stopped all the time; for somehow or another hundreds had got to know the bright, golden-haired thing that trotted backward and forward every day with my dinner basin. She was too little to do it, but then, bless you, that was our pride; for my wife combed and brushed and dressed her up on purpose. And fine and proud we used to be of the little thing going and coming—so old-fashioned. Why, lots of heads used to be thrust out to watch her; and seeing how pretty and artless and young she was, we used to feel that every one would try and protect her; and that was so. Time after time that night I saw motherly-looking women, that I did not know, with their aprons to their eyes, sobbing and crying; and though I didn't notice it then, I remembered it well enough afterwards—ah! and always shall; while the way in which some of the men worked—well-to-do men who would have thought themselves insulted if you'd offered them five shillings for their night's job—showed how my poor little darling had won the hearts of all around. Often and often, since, too, I could have stopped this one, and shook hands with that one, for their kindness; only there's always that shut-upness about an Englishman that seems to make him all heart at a time of sorrow, and a piece of solid bluntness at every other time.

Well, it was now just upon morning, and we were all worked up to a pitch of excitement that nothing could be like. We had been expecting to come upon the poor child all the afternoon and night, but now there could be no doubt of it. She must be here; for we were now down in the stoke-hole, working again with more vigor than had been shown for hours. Men's faces were flushed and their teeth set. They don't talk, only in whispers, and the stuff went flying out as fast as others could take it away.

"Easy, easy," the sergeant of the police kept saying, as he and two of his men kept us well lit with the strong light of their lanterns.

But the men tore on, till at last the place was about cleared out, and we had got to a mass of brick wall sloping against one side, and a little wood-work on the other side, along with some rubbish.

And now was the exciting time as we went, four of us, at the brick wall, dragged at it, and raised it, when some woman above shrieked out, and we stood trembling, for it had crumbled down and lay all of a heap where we had raised it from.

"Quick!" I shouted, huskily.

And we tore the bricks away till there was hardly a scrap left, and we stood staring at one another.

"Why, she ain't here, arter all!" says a policeman.

"I'm blest," says another.

But I couldn't speak, for I did not know what to do; but stood staring about as if I expected next to see the little darling come running up again unhurt.

"Try there," says the Sergeant.

Then he turned on his light into a dark corner, where the bits of wood lay, and I darted across and threw back two or three pieces, when I gave a cry, and fell on my knees again. For there was no mistake this time: I had uncovered a little foot, and there was the little white sock all blood-stained; and I felt a great sob rise from my breast as I stooped down and kissed the little read spot.

"Steady," said the Sergeant; and then quickly, as I knelt there, they reached over me, and lifted piece after piece away, till there, in the gray light of the morning, I was looking upon the little motionless figure, lying there with her golden hair, as I had fancied, dabbed in blood from a cut in her little white forehead, where the blood had run, but now lay hard and dry. Covered with blood and scraps of mortar, she lay stretched out there, and I felt as if my heart would break to see the little, peaceful face almost with a smile upon it; while, as if out of respect to my feelings, the men all drew back till I knelt there all alone.

And now far up in the sky the warm light of the rising sun shone, and it was reflected down upon that tiny face, lighting it up with almost heavenly beauty; and as I knelt there in the still silence of that early morn I could hear again and again a half-stifled sob from those looking on.

With trembling hands I leaned forward and raised her head; then, passing one beneath her, I rose on my knee to bear her out, when I stopped as if turned to stone, then let go, and clasped both my raw and bleeding hands to my blackened forehead, and shrieking out, "My God, she's alive!" I fell back insensible; for those little blue eyes had opened at my touch, and a voice, like the faintest sigh of the wind in summer, whispered this one word—

"Father!"

* * * * * * *

That's her, sir. Fine girl she's grown, ain't she? But she was beautiful as a child. Hair ever so many shades lighter; and unless you went close up you couldn't see the mark of that cut, though it was some time before the scar gave over looking red.

But really, you know, sir, there ought to be something done about these bilers; for the rate at which they're a bustin's fearful.

◆

THE YELL OF A FROG.—Every boy who is acquainted with frogs, knows that their croaking "song" is not all that they can do in the vocal line. An English gentleman thus records his observations on an interesting, though not generally appreciated member of the *rana* family:

The fact that the common frog is capable of crying out lustily, when he feels himself in danger, does not seem to have been frequently remarked. In my small walled garden there is a common frog, who is persecuted by three cats. His residence is a heap of slates at the foot of an ivied wall, and here he is safe. But if he ventures far abroad, his tormentors soon espy him; and, though they seem nearly as much terrified as himself, they cannot resist the temptation to touch him with their paws.

He immediately opens his mouth and utters a prolonged cry, which appears to be very surprising to the cats, who draw back for a few moments, and then paw him again—apparently out of mere curiosity—to be again scared by the same unusual sound. This sound is a shrill and rather suppliant wail, like the note of a small penny trumpet, or the cry of a new born infant.

There can be no mistake about it, as I have repeatedly touched the frog with my own hand, after driving the cats away, and the same cry has immediately followed, the lower jaw being dropped so that the mouth stands open about a quarter of an inch at the tip.

What must have been the uproar in the big Cretoncean swamps, during the old geological days, when a million of frogs each about the size of a calf, when all opened their mouths together? The thunders of their croak must have been tremendous—to say nothing of their yelling when they got mad.

◆

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—Some years ago the *Lancet* published the following, vouched for by good authority: The wife of a Mr. Higgins, a farmer of Baltonsborough, near Glastonburg, having brought him three daughters in succession, and no son, he was so disconcerted at the repeated disappointment that he vowed that if his next child should be a daughter he would never speak to her. To his great joy his wife gave birth to a son, and nothing occurred to lessen his satisfaction until the child began to speak. To his astonishment and distress he then found that while the boy would readily address his mother and sisters, and indeed any female, nothing could induce him to utter a word to his father, or any male person. This singularity continued during the whole of the father's life; entreaties, threats and promises were of no avail, and the unhappy man frequently bewailed, with tears, the distressing consequences of his rash vow. On the death of Mr. Higgins, the young man, to the astonishment of all who knew him, began to speak fluently to males, although for thirty years previously he had never been heard to utter a word to any of that sex. Mr. Higgins had no other son.

◆

A SEA STORY SOMEWHAT EARTHY.—The crew of an English man-of-war was down with scurvy, and there being none of the usual remedies at hand, an old sailor suggested the trying of one which had saved a ship's crew in some land of the tropics. This was simply to bury the men upright as far as their chins, until the earth drew the poison out of their bodies.

Six pits were quickly dug in the warm alluvial soil, and when the sun went down, the men were placed in them, and the earth shoveled in around them. It was a beautiful moonlight night; and the operation completed, the invalids chatted gayly together; their shaggy heads just bursting through the earth, in the fitful moonlight, made them look like men coming up to judgment; their voices sounded weird and ghostly, as of another world. After awhile, one by one they fell asleep, and all was still. Their comrades then stole away and sought their cabins. When they arose in the morning and went to see how the buried men fared, they found that the wolves came down in the night, and had eaten off every head level with the ground!

◆

A YOUNG LADY of Troy, N. Y., received about Valentine's day a box by express. She found in it a beef's heart pierced with a golden arrow of elegant manufacture, set with jewels, and estimated to be worth at least seventy-five dollars. It is probably intended to be used either as a neck-pin or as an ornament for the hair. There was not the least intimation who is the giver, nor can the lady or her family imagine who sent it. For the donor of so munificent a gift he shows a strange taste in sending such a remarkable valentine to a lady. A pet dog had the heart for his dinner, but what to do with the pin the lady can hardly determine. The gift surely cannot be intended as an insult, and is probably the result of some odd conceit.

◆

THE Indianapolis *Journal* tells this as a true story: "Mr. L. Barr, an employe at one of our rolling mills, is said to be one of the most powerful men west of the Alleghenies. He often picks up a couple of rails weighing 1,120 pounds for a small compensation, and can handle a 560 pound rail easier than most men can handle a fair-sized stick of wood. He is credited with having lifted 1,475 pounds not long since. This modern Samson wears his hair short, is six feet in height, magnificently proportioned, and has bright black eyes."

A MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION.

A writer to the London *Times* writing from Copenhagen, says:

"A Norwegian paper is relating a tale of an almost miraculous preservation. The captain of the schooner Amazon, of Stavanger, recently arrived at Bergen with a cargo of salt, reports that in passing the British Channel he had the opportunity of saving a British lad of fifteen under very peculiar circumstances. The Amazon was about twelve geographical miles from the British shore when the captain thought he observed through his telescope something floating on the water. He altered his course so as to get nearer, and soon discovered that it was a small boat, in which a lad was lying fast asleep.

"The shouting from the schooner did not awaken him, but when a log was thrown over into the boat he awoke with a sudden start; an end of a line was thrown to him, and he was just able to fasten it when he swooned and had to be carried on board the vessel. In the boat nothing was found but a pair of oars and a Bible. The lad, when brought back to life and strength by the tender care shown to him, gave the following account of his fate: He was sitting on the shore, reading his Bible, when some of his companions came down to him and teased him with the manner in which he spent his leisure time. To escape from their banter he got into a boat and kept on reading, when suddenly he discovered, to his great dismay, that his persecutors had cut the line and left his frail boat to the power of the quick running ebb.

"He tried to use the oars, but struggled in vain against wind and water, and, as a dense fog set in, he soon lost sight of land. After several hours of alternate struggle and powerless despair he fell asleep, and sleep remained in fact his only comfort against hunger, cold, and the deep pangs of his isolation during the three days and two nights which he had spent in his frail boat when he was at last seen and saved. Unhappily, neither the name of the lad nor of the place where his parents live is given, but that will, I suppose, not be difficult to get at when the fact obtains your wide publicity. The name of the captain of the Amazon is Thompson."

ELEPHANT LABORERS.

It would be too long to relate all the uses to which elephants are applied in Burmah. Let us watch them at work among the woodyards where the trunks of tickwood tree, which come floating down the river, are piled. Every working-elephant is mounted by a driver called a "cornac," whose principal business is rather to excite the animal than to direct it.

In the season when the roads are cut, the trunks come down the bar much faster than they can be disposed of in the saw-mills, and they accumulate in vast quantities all along the banks. It is necessary, therefore, to drag the trees out of the water and arrange them in piles until such time as they can be cut up. There are only three sorts of piles, varying with the size of the trees. First an elephant in the water clears the logs from the mass and ranges them one by one upon the river bank. He carefully examines the chaos of logs and proceeds with tusks and trunk to disengage the tree he has selected and which he intends to carry to land. As soon as the tree is placed on the bank another elephant is harnessed to it and drags it to the woodyard, where he leaves it. Two other elephants now come up, and one of them takes one end of the log upon his trunk and drags it to the pile upon which, in view of its size, it ought to be placed, while his companion assists him by pushing the log with all his might. As soon as they reach the proper pile the first elephant lifts the top of the log upon the pile, then he forms a kind of ring around the log with his trunk, while the other with a vigorous blow of his head shoots the log into its place. The intelligence displayed by these animals is almost incredible, and we should scarcely have believed it if we had not seen their movements as described above.

THE SLANG OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Gamblers of every grade, says a contemporary, have their slang terms to convey to the initiated just what they mean; and however blind it may be to the uninitiated, it is perfectly intelligible to those possessed of the high civilization (?) necessary to "manipulate stocks." Four different forms of contracts are known under the general term of stock privileges. The "put" and "call" are single privileges. A "straddle" and "spread" are double privileges. A "put" is a contract giving the holder the right of delivering a certain amount of stock within a definite time at a stipulated price. A "call" is exactly the reverse of a "put," being a contract giving the holder the right of calling for the stock instead of delivering it. A double privilege is a "put" and "call" on the same stock in one contract. When a double privilege is drawn at the market price of the stock, it is called a "straddle," and costs from two and a half to five per cent. premium. But when drawn at a distance of from one or two and a half per cent. above and below the market price, it is called a "spread," for which a fixed premium of two per cent. is paid. The distance from the market at which a "spread" is drawn depends on the class of stock and the activity of the market.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
Friday Morning, - - March 12, 1875.

THE bill authorizing the people of the Territory of Colorado to frame a constitution preparatory to its admission into the Union as a State, has passed both Houses of Congress, while the bill conferring the same right on New Mexico has been defeated.

◆

THE Democratic members of Congress elect to the Forty-fourth Congress who were present at the close of the session last week, agreed unanimously, it is said, to support Hon. Samuel J. Randall for Speaker of the next House. He is undoubtedly the coming man.

◆

A DEFALCATION of about $20,000, divided between the ticket and freight offices of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, at Zanesville, Ohio, is now undergoing examination by the Auditor of the Ohio division of that Company. A young man named Howard handled the funds of both departments, and thus far cannot account for the deficit.

◆

THE Democratic State Committee, at its meeting yesterday week, decided that the next State Convention should be held at Erie, on Wednesday, the 8th of September. Believing as we always did in the policy of short and sharp political campaigns, the time fixed is proper, though our own opinion is that State Conventions should invariably be held at Harrisburg. However as that question has been definitely settled, it does not now admit of any discussion. The Republican State Committee met on the same day and fixed on Lancaster as the place and Wednesday, the 26th of May, as the time for the meeting of its convention. Candidates for Governor and State Treasurer are to be nominated by both.

◆

AN article is going the rounds of the radical press, the Johnstown *Tribune* being among the number, in which it is asserted that Gen. Forrest made a speech at Muldon, in Tennessee, on the 4th of February, announcing these sentiments: "I believe there will be another war, and my policy will be to raise the black flag with the skull and crossbones on it, and then not leave a Republican white or black alive in this State." All this is simply a naked lie, and as such is disposed of by the Nashville *Union*, which announces that Gen. Forrest was not at Muldon, Tenn., on the 4th of February—that he made no speech anywhere on that day—that in no public speech at any time has he uttered the sentiments attributed to him—and, finally, that there is *no such place as Muldon in Tennessee.*—How utterly contemptible are such malignant slanders concocted by Northern radicalism to embitter and inflame the public mind against the people of the Southern States.

◆

THE worse than the law's delay and uncertainty experienced by Democratic candidates for Congress in Louisiana in getting their seats after having been fairly elected, were fully illustrated during the closing hours of the late session. At the election in that State two years ago last November, Percy Bysshe Shelley Pinchback and George A. Sheridan were candidates at large. Neither of them was admitted. At the same election, Sypher (Radical) and Lawrence (Democrat) ran in the First district. Sypher procured the certificate through fraud, took his seat, and has been voting and drawing his pay during two sessions. Towards midnight of the day before Congress adjourned, the House, on the report of the election committee, by a vote of 134 to 84 admitted Sheridan and Lawrence, each of whom had about *fourteen* hours to occupy their seats and witness the dying struggles of radicalism. Both would be entitled to full pay as members. We suppose that Pinchback, who is always intent on the main chance, also sought his greenbacks, and if he got them his wounded honor was more than satisfied.

◆

NO PRESIDENT ever received such a withering rebuke from his own party as was administered to Grant by the lower branch of Congress two days before its final adjournment. It will be remembered that the House committee on Arkansas affairs, of which Mr. Poland, of Vermont, was chairman, had made a report, with a resolution attached, in which it has declared that the existing State government in Arkansas should not be interfered with either by Congress or by any department of the general government. Two days after this report was made, Grant, in one of his spasms of statesmanship, sent his extraordinary and alarming message to the Senate, in which he threatened in plain language to overthrow the new constitution of the State and restore Brooks to the office of Governor, if Congress, before it adjourned, did not interfere in the matter. The resolution of the committee was taken up and discussed on Tuesday, the 2nd inst., and was adopted by a vote of 149 yeas to 80 nays. House has said to Grant, "Keep your mailed hand off the throat of Arkansas—her people are peaceable and quiet—they have adopted a new constitution and elected a Governor, as they had a perfect right to do, although you told the Senate in your message that they were guilty of usurpation. Any military interference on your part in the affairs of that State will not now be in order." It is to be hoped that the people of Arkansas are thus secure from any arbitrary and illegal exercise of power in order to coerce the vote of their State in favor of the third term project.

HON. FRED. L. FOSTER, of Schuylkill county, rushed into print last week in the Johnstown *Voice and Echo* in defence of his Legislative Hand Book resolution, in reference to which some comments have recently appeared in the FREEMAN. His communication contains nothing that is either new or startling, being merely a rehash of his letter to us on the same subject. His delusion is, that because the Legislatures of 1871 and 1874 embarked extensively in the Hand Book business, therefore the Legislature of 1875 ought to follow their example. We deny the right of any Legislature, past, present, or to come, to authorize the purchase of this or any other book in order that its members may be enabled to present them to a few of their select friends. Where is the limit to this practice? Robert C. Schenck, the American Minister to England, has lately, to the honor of his country, issued a small sized book explanatory of the mysteries of that seductive but hazardous game known as *"draw poker."* Suppose now that some lover of *draw* in the House, with more enterprise than the member from Schuylkill, but without his refined taste, should suddenly become as infatuated with Schenck's treatise as Foster seems to be with Smull's Hand Book—that he induced himself to believe that Schenck's little book contained "very much valuable information," and that the members were "all very anxious to have it for their constituents,"—all he would have to do, according to Foster's logic, would be to offer a joint resolution for the purchase of 3,000 *"coppies"* of it, and Schenck's manual would at once turn up a legislative trump. So far as the honesty of the transaction is concerned, the two cases are precisely similar, although the compilations widely differ.

Mr. Foster ought to know that the last State Convention pledged the Democratic party to retrenchment and reform, and that the money which will be abstracted from the treasury when the State printer presents his bill for furnishing these Hand Books, would pay the annual interest on very many thousand dollars of the State debt.—Compelling the State to pay for 3,000 By this emphatic vote a Republican Hand Books to be distributed by the members among their friends, is not one of the entertainments to which the taxpayers of the Commonwealth supposed they would be invited by their representatives. The whole thing is radically wrong and vicious and admits of no apology or excuse. It is simply a raid on the treasury under the convenient forms of legislation and ought to be denounced by every paper in the State that is not afraid to express its honest convictions.

◆

THE Altoona *Tribune* professes to be neutral, or perhaps we should say independent in politics, and is regarded as a respectable journal. It saw proper, however, in its issue of last Saturday to compromise its fair name by publishing a pointless and stupid address, which it falsely and meanly asserted had been delivered at Carrolltown by Hon. John Buck, one of the members of the Legislature from this county. What possible motive the *Tribune* had in thus degrading its columns it would be difficult to conjecture, in as much as Mr. Buck, as we have reason to believe, is a total stranger to all connected with that paper and has never offended or injured any one of them. This inexcusable effort to hold Mr. Buck up to public ridicule cannot of course detract from his personal popularity among the people of Cambria county, and will therefore only recoil on those who have seen fit to write and print such contemptible stuff. This senseless and uncalled for production, which was intended for wit, bears several Ebensburg ear-marks upon it and very plainly betrays its paternity. Whenever the columns of the *Tribune* are opened to outside parties for the base and cowardly purpose of attempting to degrade and belittle an upright and honest citizen, as Mr. Buck surely is, even though that liberty is granted, as we are confident was done in this instance, without the knowledge or consent of the proprietors of that paper, who are both honorable, high-minded gentlemen, we are forced to say that it sinks itself beneath the clearly defined limits of honorable journalism and earns the well merited contempt of all right-thinking men. More than that, the *Tribune* should have left such dirty to its delectable namesake in Johnstown, which has at least the frivolous excuse to offer that Mr. Buck is from this county and hence is a proper subject for misrepresentation through its columns.

◆

HON. WILLIAM S. KING arrived at Washington on Saturday and found Congress adjourned and no one authorized to take his tistimony. Who can picture the grief, asks the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, which must have filled his bosom at the discovery that Congress had adjourned? After his strenuous exertions to reach the capital and give his testimony on Pacific Mail affairs to be thus disappointed at finding no one authorized to take it was really too bad. After taking the "short cut" through Canada from his Minnesota stock farm to his seat in Congress, to arrive panting in Washington and find Congress adjourned, must have been a disappointment more severe than his failure to sell that $14,000 bull in Canada at his asking price. Surely William is born to disappointment!

◆

THE latest returns received of the New Hampshire election, held Tuesday, seem to indicate that no choice for Governor has been made by the popular vote, and the matter will therefore go before the Legislature for final decision. The political complexion of that body is yet in doubt. The Democracy have gained one Congressman, anyhow, and over that we crow.

The Republican Platform for 1876.

The Republican party as represented by an enormous majority in both houses of the Forty-third Congress, and illustrated in the acts of its last session, says the N. Y. *Sun*, points with pride to its past record, and rejoices in the following declaration of its present principles:

I. Third term now, and Presidency for life hereafter.

II. Government by the bayonet, suspension of *habeas corpus* at discretion, and drumhead courts martial, are the true elements of political strength.

III. Specie payments in 1871 without coin.

IV. Civil rights mean the white man has no rights which the black man is bound to respect.

V. More taxes, more debt, and more expenditures the true road to permanent prosperity.

VI. Subsidies, special tariffs, Credit Mobilier, Texas Pacific, back-pay grabs, railroad grants, and all sorts of monopolies blaze the pathway of Republican legislation.

VII. Nepotism is obedience to scriptural authority, and a blessing to the reigning family.

VIII. Negro supremacy in the South to advance Christian civilization.

IX. Opposition legislatures ought to be suppressed by Federal troops as dangerous to Grantism.

X. Returning boards are more potent than elections, and should be appointed by the President.

XI. The people have no right to complain when the Administration is content.

XII. A large standing army and powerful appropriations for the navy are indispensable to a republic and to hosts of magnificent officers seeking commands.

XIII. Opponents of the third term, critics of the President, champions of the Constitution, economists, and the toiling masses who grumble because they are poor, must be classed as banditti, and punished accordingly.

XIV. Centralized government is national strength, and State Governments should be abolished except as dependencies.

XV. Carpet-baggers and office-holders are abused patriots who have suffered for their country, and merit its grateful recognition.

XVII. Investigations by Congress intended to expose corruption and jobbery, and to damage the Republican party, cannot be too sternly condemned for trenching on private rights.

XVIII. The President is the recognized head of the Government, to whom Congress and the courts owe obedience.

XIX. The newspaper press is a nuisance. A censor to restrain carping utterances and a severe law to condemn offending editors are demanded forthwith.

XX. Rings are self-sacrificing organizations, intended to promote the public welfare, to shape legislation wisely, to stimulate enterprise, to aid commerce, to build railroads, and to place appropriations where they will do most good.

XXI. A constitutional amendment is recommended making Long Branch the summer capital of the nation, with liberal allowances for the President and his household during Gen. Grant's life.

◆

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL—ITS LIMITATIONS.—There appears to be much apprehension as to the meaning of the Civil Rights bill, which is causing trouble among many classes of people who think its provisions embrace their occupations, as well as among the ignorant negroes, who are taught to believe by the designing whites, who pretend to be their friends, that their rights and privileges under the law are without limit.

The bill limits the rights of negroes to inns, public conveyances by land or waters and theatres or other places of public amusement.

An inn is described by all lexicographer as a house where travelers may obtain shelter, lodging, and entertainment for money. A restaurant, where people may obtain food and drink, or a drinking house, where liquors are sold, is not an inn, unless the proprietors furnish their houses as lodging places for travelers. Neither of these come under the law at all.

A day or two since, at the annual commencement of one of our medical schools, some negroes obtained tickets of invitation through their white friends—very improperly. The tickets were personal and not transferable. They were doubtless given for the purpose of raising a disturbance, and the negroes demanded and obtained admission. Now exhibitions of that kind are not "public amusements," and the negroes had no right there unless they had received from the faculty personal cards of invitation, and they should have been refused admission promptly and firmly.

Some trouble has also arisen in barber shops. A barber shop is not a place of public amusement, and however much a negro may desire the luxury of being shaved by a white man, he has no right under the law to demand it.

The negro, if left to himself, would not give trouble under any law. All the trouble will arise from designing white men who will incite the negro to these intrusions for the purpose of robbing him of his hard earnings, or of using him in politics.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

◆

THE memorial recently presented in the Senate of the United States by Mr. Spencer, of Alabama, asking Federal interference in that State, was printed in the Montgomery *Advertiser* of Saturday. On the same day, Mr. Harris, a white Republican, rose in the State Senate and denounced the memorial. He said he had never signed it and had never seen it until that morning. Mr. Royal, a colored Senator, said he had signed the paper, but under the impression that it was a petition for the appointment of Arthur Bingham as postmaster of Montgomery. He said he would never have signed the memorial if he had known what it really was. Another colored Senator said he had signed it thinking it a protest against the appointment of General Parsons to a Federal judgeship. Several other Republican Senators denied any knowledge of the document, and one of them, a colored man, said he had voted for the bills complained of. A committee was appointed to find out the authors of the fraud.

◆

—The Pittsburgh *Post* of Saturday last says: "An impudent and ignorant negro asserted his rights under the civil rights bill on one of the through trains going out of the city on Thursday night. He entered one of the cars containing a number of vacant seats and one occupied by a white woman and child. In this he seated himself and refused to give it up when requested by the gentlemen passenger, and the conductor. It is reported that when the conductor was about to remove him from the seat, two or three radicals interfered to prevent it and pistols were drawn. The lady with her child was compelled to vacate the seat and find another. Of course had the intruder been a white man he would have been ejected from the seat and probably from the train."

◆

—A man at El Paso, Mexico, has actually put in a claim on the United States Government for nine chickens destroyed by coyotes from the American side.

Remarkable Gang of Robbers.

ARREST OF NINE REPUTABLE FARMERS WHO HAVE CARRIED ON A SYSTEM OF WHOLESALE ROBBERY DURING THE LAST FOUR YEARS.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, writing from Springfield, Ill., under date of March 1st, says: It passes comprehension that such a condition of affairs as described below should exist in a civilized community and this age of detective shrewdness, and remain undiscovered for a period of over four years. The subjoined is a brief account of the exploits of a gang of thieves harboring about Illiopolis. It almost surpasses the somewhat apochryphal stories of the exploits of the gang of robbers of which John A. Murrell was the leader, and which, during the primitive days in our Southwestern history, made life and property within its ranging ground hang by a very uncertain tenure.

Illiopolis is about twenty miles east of Springfield, on the Toledo, Wabash and Western Railway. It is a small village and station, the shipping and trading point for a large section of country, and the farmers who reside in the immediate vicinity are generally respectable and well-to-do; they are largely interested in stock-raising as well as farming. When the rebellion broke out the people of Illiopolis township rallied around the old flag, and many of the middle-aged and young men enlisted

"FOR TO BE SOLDIERS."

Among the number who were fired with martial glory and patriotism were Francis M. Green, Samuel Dickinson, Benjamin F. Crance, John Pontzious, and Mitchell Havenor. They enlisted in the Forty-first Infantry, Colonel Isaac Pugh, and when an election was held, Green was made a second lieutenant. His reputation being that of a good man, on the first occasion he was promoted to the captaincy of Company I. He served the full term of three years, Dickinson, Crane, Pontzious, and Havenor remaining with him, and all being mustered out together with honor. Occasionally thereafter a report would break loose concerning some irregularity in the foraging line committed by Company I while in service; but the impression being that such things were matters of course in the army, little attention was paid to the rumors.

Captain Green, Samuel Dickinson, Benjamin F. Crane, John Poutzious' Taylor Dickinson, Robert Pate, John Rager, and Berry Peel now languish in the Sangamon County Jail. Havenor is in the Macon County Jail.

CAPTAIN FRANCIS M. GREEN,

the leader of the party, is about forty years of age, has a family, and has resided in Illiopolis since he came out of the army, having formerly resided at Mount Auburn, just over the line, in Christian county. So far as knowledge of his earlier life has been gleaned, it is all to his credit; and even during the war he bore a much better general reputation than many of his associates in commission. Since his residence in Illiopolis he has been a most exemplary citizen. He has always taken a deep interest in Christianity, teaching in Sabbath School, and being a regular attendant upon the "stated preaching of the gospel." He is a general farmer, and occasionally has engaged in merchandising, buying and selling grain, stock, etc.

All of these men except two (Ben Crane and Pate) have for years been known and respected as honest, industrious men—living in the same community, trading, laboring and associating with all its inhabitants, and not a breath of suspicion pointing to them as the guilty parties in a course of wholesale and petty robbery that every citizen has known of for four years. One can readily imagine how an arrest of such men on a multitude of charges would create consternation in a quiet rural community. The charges against the gang embrace almost every species of robbery, and their stealings will aggregate tens of thousands of dollars in value; horses, mules, hogs, cattle, wheat, corn, wagons, provisions, clothing, boots and shoes, liquor, groceries—everything, in fact, that could be had either from railway trains, or farm houses and fields. Some time last March

THE FIRST SUSPICION

was aroused, and the first clue to the guilty parties was discovered. Two valuable horses were stolen from a farmer in Illiopolis township. Shortly afterward a man by the name of Wingate, formerly a resident of Illiopolis, saw and recognized the horses in Christian county. An officer went after them, and found that the man in whose possession they were had traded a span of mules to Captain Green for them, and that Green had taken the mules to St. Louis and sold them. Before Green could be nabbed, however, he went to Kansas. A requisition brought him back, a preliminary examination resulted in holding him over, on which he gave bail.

Joshua Cantrall, Esq., Wm. N. Streeter, and Mr. Skeen, agent of the Toledo, Wabash & Western Railway, at Illiopolis, did not let the matter rest there, however. The community had suffered from the depredations of thieves so long that these gentlemen and others determined to follow up the clue thus put in their possession. Other complaints were made, other warrants issued, and Green was again in the fangs of the law. The bail on the several complaints aggregated more than Green could command, and he was committed to jail. During the last four weeks arrests have been made until the number aggregates nine. On Tuesday night Sam Dickinson and several of the gang were taken before the Sangamon County Grand Jury and

CONFESSED ALL AND SINGULAR

the charges preferred against them. On Thursday 'Squire Cantrall obtained from the Governor a requisition for another of the gang who is hiding from justice in Iowa. There are other members still at large.

Illiopolis people tell many amusing incidents in connection with Green. Ben. Crane stole a pair of mules and run them off to St. Louis. On his return he told Green where the mules were stabled and gave Green a bill of sale of them. Green then went to the owner of the mules and told him he thought he could find them. The owner had bills printed describing the mules and commissioned Green to hunt them up. Green took the bills and started for St. Louis. While crossing the river he dropped the bills in the river, went to the stable where the mules were, obtained possession, sold them, pocketed the money, came home, told the owner that the mules could not be found, "whacked up" with Ben. Crane, and then went off to his Sabbath school class with a sanctified air.

THE ROBERRY OF CARS

and the depot at Illiopolis became so frequent, and the loss of property so extensive that Skeen, the agent, consulted Captain Green (who is his brother-in-law), about hiring a watchman—"of course you ought," said Green, and straightway Green, Ben Crane, and others of the gang were hired or volunteered to watch the very premises they were robbing. The robbing, of course, was stopped. Then Crane and Green told Skeen "he had spoilt it all by telling a constable that the depot was watched. If he hadn't told the constable, they would have caught the d—n rascals!"

THE BOLDEST OPERATION

so far unearthed is the one for which Mitchell Havenor is held. Havenor and Sam Dickinson went to Toledo and presented to the house of Hays & Co. certified bills of lading and invoices for five cars of wheat shipped from Illiopolis.—The papers purported to have been signed by Sam Skeen, the T., W. and W. agent. As the transaction appeared all right, $500 was advanced. In a short time the forgery was discovered, and Havenor was pursued and arrested. Sam Dickinson now confesses that Green forged all the papers. On one occasion they stole a lot of timothy seed from the cars at Illiopolis, and Ben Crane loaded it up, drove to Decatur, and sold it for $153. On another occasion Crane and some of the "boys" broke into Gilbert's store at Illiopolis, got drunk, and deliberately proceeded to eat an oyster supper.

The gang had no regular "fence," the proceeds of each robbery being disposed of as circumstances and occasion offered. The officers are in possession of facts which point to the criminality of several other men in Sangamon county of very respectable antecedents and associations, and the indictments against the present parties will not be pushed until the last one of the gang is caught.

◆

A Mysterious Conspiracy.

HOW ONE INGENIOUS JACKASS FRIGHTENED SEVERAL HUNDRED PEOPLE.

A few years ago a reporter who was badly off for items invented and published in one of our morning papers a story to the effect that a man dressed in India-rubber haunted the streets of the upper part of the city after night-fall, for the purpose of strangling women and children whom he encountered. After drinking their blood he would bound over fences fifteen feet high and disappear. Plenty of foolish people believed the yarn, and for awhile a panic prevailed. Some other brilliant genius has just invented another terrible tale for the purpose of curdling the blood of nervous old ladies and timid young girls, and we are given to understand that in some of the schools—the Girls' Normal School among them—the matter is just now discussed in awful whispers and with horror-stricken faces. The report is that the amiable Irishmen who propose to honor the memory of St. Patrick on the 17th inst. have conceived a dark and deadly plot against the peace of the city; that it is their intention, during the parade, suddenly to break ranks, to bring forth from beneath their coats, pistols and battering rams and barrels of petroleum and other awful weapons of war and incendiarism, and thereupon to proceed to sack the city. Obnoxious persons, and particularly all persons of English birth or descent, are to be butchered in cold blood, their houses are to be consigned to the flames, and all their relations, to their remotest aunts and most distant cousins, are to be hung in rows upon the telegraph wires, a prey for the kites and crows, if the kites and crows happen to come around in a hungry condition. One of the details of this fiendish conspiracy is that the houses of the doomed ones are to be marked; and the sensational rascals who invented the story actually have placed marks with chalk upon whole rows of houses in the upper portion of the city. Hired girls who see these mysterious signals go up stairs in tremor and pack their trunks so as to be ready to move at a moment's notice; and boys who observe these marks invest their savings in brass-barreled pistols and bows and arrows, while they try to decide whether to stay and beat off the ferocious hordes which threaten the lives of their families, or to go West and die glorious in an effort to exterminate the Indians. Meantime the Irishmen, who are to do all this inhuman butchery, to clog the gutters with gore and wade knee-deep in blood, are unaware of the frightful things that are expected of them, and they are preparing for perfect calmness while their victims are shuddering. If the Legislature could give everybody ordinary common sense by passing a law for the purpose, it would be a good thing to insist upon an enactment of that character at this juncture.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

◆

A RACE FOR A WIFE.—A few days since a young man hailing from the classic precincts of La Creole applied to the County Clerk of Polk county for a license to marry a young lady, which the accommodating Clerk issued. The same day another young man called for a license to marry. The Clerk was not in and his deputy issued the license. The two licenses were issued for the same girl. The first party hastened to the home of his young inamorata, and fixed up in gay attire they hastened to the minister's residence to have the "knot tied" in regular orthodox style. While the ceremony was being performed, party No. 2 came panting into the room, his face flushed and his almost broken heart thumping perceptibly. In answer to the question if there were any who objected to the bans, No. 2 yelled out he did, at the same time presenting his license, duly issued and signed by the County Clerk. Here was a quandary the man of God couldn't get through his clerical brain, and he stopped, leaving the party unmarried No. 1 came to this city next day to consult an attorney. He was in a world of trouble—frustrated in his cherished desire of wedding his lady-love the day before, he wanted to appeal to the law—perhaps to place an injunction on his rival, No. 2. While No. 1 was taking legal advice, No. 2 took the much coveted Rose of Dallas to another dispenser of connubial ties, and was married. When No. 1 returned he found that while he had gained his point as to law his rival had gained his point in matrimony. As possession is nine points in law, No. 1 was welcome to the point of law he had gained. The tussel for the girl was a vigorous one, and we really feel like condoling No. 1.—*Salem (Or.) Statesman.*

◆

AFTER THE SIAMESE FASHION.—Mrs. Seitz, of Baldwin, on Tuesday gave birth to twins of a very interesting nature, two females weighing eleven pounds. They are united in front by a common band from the navel to the top of the breast bone, forming what is denominated a monster. They are both very distinctly and perfectly formed as regards external appearance, resembling two infants united. There seems however something very remarkable as to the internal condition. There is but one cord, inserted at the lower part of the union. Both are perfectly developed, and lived until delivery. The attention of the community has been fully awakened, and crowds have called to see them as a matter of curiosity. The mother is doing remarkably well and a speedy recovery is promised.

The twins seemed of such a peculiar interest that it was thought proper to preserve them as a specimen. They have been given to Dr. Seibert, her attendant, who is taking proper measures to have them preserved. They will likely be exhibited to the medical fraternity in general and probably to the public.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

◆

—By an accident, Captain John S. George, lawyer, on Saturday discovered a specimen of peculiar ore among coal dug near Ironton tunnel, five miles from Ironton, O., which proved to be a consolidated lump of pure diamonds, weighing twenty-nine ounces, and valued at four hundred thousand dollars. It is asserted that many such lumps have been found before, but were thrown away at the mines as worthless. Steps have been taken to secure rights, options, etc. Considerable excitement prevails. There is no law to punish a man for not believing this story.

News and Political Items.

—An insane man in a hospital at Lancaster is trying to starve himself to death.

—Mrs. E. R. Jones, of Grandview, Ia., Whitelaw Reid's cousin, is a Notary Public.

—Thousands of prairie chickens and quail have been frozen to death this winter out West.

—Senator Wallace it is understood will make a speech on the Pinchback question now before the Senate.

—Ella Cramer, aged twenty, has mysteriously disappeared from Tiffin, O., and is supposed to have been murdered.

—At Indianapolis, last Monday night, a brute named Lewis Bishop cut his wife's throat because she refused to live with him any longer.

—It has been colder in Sweden this winter than in any other civilized country. In Furudal the thermometer marked sixty degrees below zero.

—A terrible tale of starvation comes from Asia Minor, where twenty thousand in one district have died since the beginning of the famine.

—Four men killed themselves or were murdered by their frenzied companions in drunken orgies over the wreck of the bark Giovanni on Cape Cod.

—At the funeral of a lady at Windsor, Conn., a few days ago, her husband and two sons officiated as pall-bearers, by her request, no others assisting them.

—A daughter was born to the Japanese Minister, Yoshida, at Washington, on Thursday. She is the first child of Japanese parents born in the United States.

—Quite a margin. A tax collector last week seized a thousand dollars worth of freight on the Oswego Midland railroad, to settle a picayune debt of fifty cents.

—A hound chased a fox seventy miles, in Adams and Berks counties, the other day, captured and killed it, and was found exhausted by the side of the dead body.

—An old Colorado miner claims to have discovered a silver mine that promises as well as the Newburyport mine in Massachusetts, not ten miles from Portland, Me.

—At Sunbury, Pa., on Friday night, the dwelling house of Mr. G. Schry was burned to the ground. Two children perished in the flames. Mrs. Schry is probably fatally burned.

—The man who predicted a mild and open winter, because the hair on squirrel's tails was not as thick as usual, had his ears frozen four inches deep the other morning.

—Three Georgia sisters whom the war reduced from great wealth to extreme poverty went into the sheep-raising business three years ago and are now making money rapidly.

—About the fifteenth of the month a party, including Senators Cameron, Dennis, Gordon, Morton, Ransom and others, will make a trip by way of New Orleans to the City of Mexico.

—Our new United States Senator, Hon. Wm. A. Wallace, has been placed on the following standing committees: Appropriations, Manufactures, and Revision of the Laws of the United States.

—A family named Mark, of Gray township, Centre county, was poisoned one day last week by eating "wurst" from an earthen crock. The glazing of the vessel had become mixed with the "wurst."

—Gladstone appears again in answer to Dr. Newman and Archbishop Manning on the decrees of the Vatican Council. The N. Y. *Tribune* of Saturday publishes several columns from advanced sheets.

—At Keene's Station, N. Y., a man fell dead upon hearing of the failure of a bank where he had deposited $800, and his wife also died within a week, from the same cause combined with the loss of her husband.

—Ex-Governor Moses, of South Carolina, has filed a petition in bankruptcy, placing his liabilities at $92,451.50, and his assets at $1,200 in personal property and some very misty possessions in real estate.

—Brown, who is to be hanged at Pottsville on the 24th inst., for the murder of an old couple named Kramer, on Thursday made a confession of his guilt, and stated that he had no accomplice in the crime.

—It is said that the Pope will create four new archiepiscopal provinces in North America at Easter, and that he will make Archbishop Manning a cardinal in England. This news is confirmed in a dispatch from Rome.

—And now the Buffalo *Courier* has gone into the conundrum business. This is the latest unanswerable one: "Fred Grant and his wife are about to return to Chicago. By the way, what does that young man do for a living?"

—The latest turtle story: A terrapin was recently found in a field in Robertson county, Ky., with the following names inscribed on its shell: "E. Ashcraft, 1822; N. A. Brattch, 1855; William Wood, 1858, and H. A. Wood, 1864.

—The Thames river at Norwich, Conn., is frozen solid to the bottom. A trotting horse fell dead on the ice there the other day, and the owner cut a grave eight feet deep in the ice without coming to water, and buried the horse in it.

—There was a male child born a few days ago to a married couple in Gloucester City, N. J., the father being in his eightieth year and the mother in her seventieth. They had been married twenty-two years, and this is their first child.

—Joshua Bailey of Cohoes Falls, N. Y., promised the bulk of his fortune to whichever of his nephews raised the largest family of boys. W. W. Bailey of Waverley, Iowa, raised five boys, and got $2,000,000 at the death of his uncle.

—There is a man of genius in Massachusetts who professes to have traded horses thirty-seven times, and to have cheated the other man every time; and yet, when his wife died the other day, he promised to meet her in heaven.

—A contemporary thinks the best way to enjoy things is to use them, and sees very little sense in having a gorgeously furnished parlor and allowing it to remain in darkness, while the family occupy a dingy sitting room in the back building.

—The contractors who have undertaken to furnish 240,000 headstones for the national cemeteries cut the names in their works at Rutland, Vt., by means of the sand blast. This cuts a name in four minutes, and they complete 500 stones daily.

—Near Washington, Pa., Mr. R. A. Kuhn and wife were found murdered in their burning house, their heads having been split open with an axe, and their throats cut from ear to ear. If the murderers are caught they are likely to be lynched.

—A dispatch from St. Johns, N. F., says that the bodies of over forty persons, who died at St. Johns, this winter, have been temporarily interred in the snow, which has been in such immense quantities in the cemeteries as to prevent the opening of graves.

—Hon. James Buffinton, representative from the First Congressional District of Massachusetts, arrived at home Sunday morning with his family, and went to the residence of his son-in-law, where he died suddenly an hour later. He was fifty-eight years of age, and had been indisposed for a long period.

—In consequence of the last encyclical of the Pope, the German government has introduced in the Prussian chamber of deputies a bill withdrawing the state endowments from the Catholic clergy and providing for their restoration only to those bishops who will bind themselves by a formal document.

—General Pope swore that but for Fitz John Porter's disobedience of orders he could have "crushed" Stonewall Jackson. This is the "crusher" who in the midst of a numerous army could not protect his staff wagons and permitted Mosby to steal in his lines and carry off his sardines and paper collars.

—The first iron bridge ever built was constructed at Colebrookdale Iron Works, England, by Abraham Darby, and was erected across the Severn, near Colebrookdale, in 1778. It is of 120 feet span, and although it has been in constant use from that day to this, it is in as good condition now as ninety-seven years ago.

—A wealthy and eccentric woman of Springfield, Ill., contributes $500 a year to the support of one of the churches there, but cannot be induced to attend a single service, nor will she allow its pastor to enter her house. She says that "he means well," and that is why she gives him the money, but she doesn't desire to "hear of his cant."

—Very Rev. James Conlan, for nearly twenty-five years pastor of St. Patrick's Catholic church in Cleveland, and formerly Vicar General of the Cleveland diocese, died on Friday morning, aged seventy-five years. The deceased recently celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his ordination, and has been identified with the early history of the Church in Ohio.

—The Black Hills fever is increasing. At a meeting of the leading citizens and business men of Sioux City, the Sioux City and Black Hills Transportation Company, with a capital of $100,000, was organized. The object is the transportation of men and merchandise to the Black Hills. Teams will be at once purchased and trains started by the first of April.

—Edward Yost, a butcher, who was in the habit of sleeping in the banking house of Hayes & Walls, at Johnstown, N. Y., was murdered on Friday night in his sleeping apartment. All the valuables belonging to the deceased were carried off and the building was set on fire. No effort was made to rob the safes of the firm. The flames were extinguished before any serious damage was done.

—A red-hot meteor fell near West Liberty, in the eastern part of Iowa, on the 12th ult., sinking fifteen feet into the ground, and making a hole ten feet in diameter. For hours it continued to spout forth flames, crackle, sputter, and smoke, and occasionally discharge cannon-like reports, to the infinite terror of the people in the vicinity. None dared approach while this miniature volcano continued in action, but with the cessation of life hundreds gathered around to investigate the wonder.

—A special dispatch from Rome to the New York *Freeman's Journal* announces that a pro consistory is to be held on Monday next, March 15. Archbishop McCloskey, of New York, Mgrs. Ledochowski, Archbishop of Posen and Griesen in Prussia, Des Champs, Archbishop of Mechlin and Primate of Belgium, Archbishop of Mechlin and Primate of Belgium, Archbishop Manning of Westminster, and Mgrs. Bartalini and Grannelli of the Roman curia will be created cardinals.

—The trustees of a bankrupt estate in Pittsburgh, Pa., are engaged in paying a dividend of ten per cent., amounting to about $220,000, and among the checks is one from John B. James, who is a creditor to the amount of eleven cents. His check amounts to one cent. In order to pay his part of the dividend, 6 cents have been spent in notifying James, and a two cent stamp has been put on the order to pay. The check is a very large one, and worded so as to conform to the bankrupt act.

—Mrs. James K. Polk has presented the Tennessee Historical Society with a pen made from an eagle's quill dropped by an eagle in Virginia, and presented to President Polk in 1845. Mr. Polk signed his first message to Congress with the pen made of this quill, the joint resolution of Congress for the admission of the State of Texas, the law to extend the laws of the United States over the State of Texas, the act "reducing the duty on imports, and for other purposes," and the treaty of peace with Mexico, July 4, 1848.

—The seekers after wealth in the Black Hills region will have a thorny path to pursue, as the military has received fresh instructions. Gen. Ord has instructed Gen. Bradley, commandant at Ft. Laramie, to send out a force to bring in the remainder of the Sioux City Black Hills party, who are reported to be in a suffering condition, if the two men who came in from the Hills will guide the command. Orders have been issued to prevent any other parties going into the country, and any one trying it will undoubtedly be followed and driven out by the military.

—Grant's pocket veto of the soldiers' bounty bill, says the Cincinnati *Inquirer*, will not increase his popularity among the soldiers and veterans of the war who were heretofore sworn by him. The soldiers' friends didn't manage the thing right. In order to obtain his signature they should have coupled it with an increase of salary to a hundred thousand a year, or if that was unconstitutional, have in some manner made the donation to him of the amount. The salary grab was rushed through by increasing Grant's salary from $25,000 to $50,000.

—A young married man at Rockland, Me., becoming jealous of his wife at a recent entertainment, told her, on returning home, that he intended to commit suicide, and was told to go ahead. He accordingly procured a rope, and making preparation, swung himself off, calculating, however, that he would be cut down in time to save his life. An alarm was given and the neighbors hastened to the rescue, but before a knife could be found to cut him down he was black in the face and nearly dead. He is recovering, and thinks it doesn't pay to run so much risk for the pleasure of frightening his better half.

—There is in this village, says the Saginaw (Mich.) *Jeffersonian*, a tame crow belonging to one of Eli Brown's children. A favorite amusement of his is to light down on the clothes-lines after the clothes have been hung out, and pick off the pins and carry them away and hide them. One day Mrs. Brown was hanging out the clothes, being watched closely by Jim. Soon he began to take pins out and carry them to the top of the house, laying them down by the chimney. After taking four or five Mrs. Brown remonstrated, saying, "Now, Jim, that won't do." Whereupon the "ebony bird" quietly picked up a clothes-pin, and, walking down the roof to the eaves, dropped it to the ground, and then walked back, got another, and dropped it in the same manner, and so continued to do until he had dropped them all.

—Tilton's counsel, says the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, believe they have struck something new in the shape of epistolary evidence. T. T. could never understand how Elizabeth came to change so much in one night—why she was so resigned and reconciled to him before he went to the Committee to make his statement last July, and what produced the revulsion of feeling that he discovered in her on coming home, when almost the first word she spoke was to inform him that she was about to leave his house forever. It has just been brought to light that in Theodore's absence at the Committee rooms a letter had been received by Mrs. T. from the Beecher party, and this it is supposed was what influenced her to her sudden change of mind. The letter is now believed to be in the possession of the Ovingtons, and they have been summoned to produce it.

HE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,
RIDAY, - MARCH 12, 1875.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

ere, There, and the Other Place.

—The attendance at Court this week was mall.

—For a nice, late style hat go to M. L. atman.

—Ladies' hats, all the latest styles, at tehley's.

—Germantown yarn and zephyr, all shades, Stehley's.

—An election for County Superintendent ill be in order next May.

—Next Wednesday will be St. Patrick's y. Trot out your colors.

—Oh, the snow! the beautiful snow! late he come, is now on the go.

—A full line of ladies' and gent's bows not beaux) and ties, at Stehley's.

—Ladies' white cotton hose, three pairs r twenty-five cents, at Stehley's.

—Everything in the way of fancy goods nd notions, very cheap at Stehley's.

—Mr. Richard McClain, proprietor of the . Charles Hotel, Altoona, is lying dangersly ill.

—A tramp with five fingers and a thumb each hand turned up in Altoona the her day.

—The lad Gleichnour, who was afflicted ith that most dreadful of diseases, lockw, died on Sunday.

—The man who wanted to be Latrobe's ew P. M. was not confirmed by the Senate, nd so he is not happy.

—A brakeman named John Cooper had e of his hands badly mashed at Cresson Saturday morning last.

—An exchange informs us that Senator allace has taken his seat, but as to where e has taken it not a word is vouchsafed.

—If nobody has suggested the idea, the wn reader will please accept this as orignal. Shovel the snow off the sidewalks.

—Miss Mattie Ingram, of Duncansville, a candidate for the office of Superintennt of Common Schools for Blair county.

—The largest and the cheapest stock of ress trimmings, ribbons, embroidery, rufing, lace, edging, etc., in town at Stehley's.

—Poor Director John Bloch, of Johnswn, who was confined to a bed of illness r a number of weeks, has nearly recovered s wonted health.

—Owing to the inability of counsel, pares, and witnesses to be in attendance at ourt this week, a number of important uses were continued.

—A. C. Mullin, Esq., a former well known nd much respected citizen of this place, is seriously ill at his home in Ashland, Pa., at his life is despaired of.

—The verdict of the coroner's jury in the se of the man Burke, who was found ad near Mineral Point one day last week, as, "Died from exposure."

—A social sleighing party, with its starting point at Ebensburg and its objective oint Johnstown—time, Monday—did not me off. Two feet too much snow, or so.

—Mrs. Mary Walls, aged 87 years, died Johnstown, on Monday last. She was e mother of Hon. John Flanagan, one of e Associate Judges of our County Courts.

—The young German who was so unfornate as to have a leg cut off by a locomotive the P. R. R. Co.'s round-house at Coneaugh last week has been removed to the oor House.

—E. B. McCrum, senior editor of the Alona *Tribune*, has got back home from a olonged tour in Colorado. He proposes turning thither in the course of pretty on after awhile.

—Hon. B. L. Hewit, of Hollidaysburg, ll please accept thanks for a copy of the Report of the State Commissioners of Fishes for the year 1874," kindly forwarded us a day or two ago.

—A number of teachers from this end of e county have gone to Johnstown to atnd the educational institute which connes at that place to-day, and will remain session until to-morrow evening.

—The wife of Mr. Jonathan Lewis, of mbria township, died at her home last ursday. She was a daughter of Mr. Richd J. Evans, of the same township, and an emplary wife, mother and neighbor.

—Take your ready cash to M. L. Oatman save from 15 to 20 per cent. on all your rchases. If you have no cash ready, get ready as soon as possible, for the bargains Oatman's are indeed well worth going

—A couple of muscular demonstrations livened the monotony of town last Satury. No arrests, as yet. Where, oh! where re the police, sworn conservators of the ace on those occasions? Echo answers, ere!

—A woman named Peightal, whom ill alth had driven to the verge of insanity, mmitted suicide at her residence, near illiamsburg, Blair county, a few nights o. A husband and nine children mourn r loss.

—D. B. Mellott and wife, of Fulton coun whose dwelling was recently destroyed fire, in which two of their children pered, have been lodged in the McConnellsg jail on suspicion of having set fire to house.

—A barn belonging to Mr. William Stitt, r Blairsville, on the Westmoreland side the river was burned down Sunday night, d a horse and six cows perished in the mes. This is the second time Mr. S. has ered a loss of this kind.

—A freight flagman on the mountain dion named "Bub" Kirtley was struck by engine in the railroad yard at Altoona, ednesday evening, and sustained injuries ich may prove fatal. Himself and famireside at Conemaugh.

—The practice of snow balling, which has come a chronic nuisance with our school s on the public streets of late, has had a ietus put on it by the borough authorities, e man who got a bump the size of a fullwn squash constructed over his left eye eferred the complaint.

—There is scarcely anything which the nts of our people demand in the matter dry goods, groceries, etc., that E. J. Mills not prepared to supply, and there is no rchant in the county who is more willing anxious to secure custom by selling the t of goods at the lowest prices.

—Rev. R. C. Christy is announced to deer a lecture on the evening of St. Patrick's y in aid of St. Vincent de Paul's Society Allegheny City. The improvement in lth which this announcement implies l be gratifying news to the many friends Father Christy in this locality.

—By the falling of a mass of slate last Thursday, a miner named Peter Shaffer was imprisoned in one of the Cambria Iron Company's mines for the period of twenty-four hours. At the end of that time, he was dug out alive and uninjured, but nearly insensible from long confinement.

—An otter, reported to be the largest that has ever been seen in Cambria county, was killed in Summerhill township last Friday. The successful hunter thinks he will be able to realize twenty-five dollars on his day's work, provided the existing market rates for pelts continue till after the good sledding is over.

—The heaviest fall of snow perhaps that a decade of years has witnessed visited us last Sunday and Sunday night. The flakes descended as an avalanche, without let-up for a moment, for some thirty hours, and when they ceased, actual measurement showed that they had attained a depth of twenty inches on the level.

—Read this twice and then follow the advice. In order to make room for new goods, M. L. Oatman will, from now until April 1st, sell goods, of all kinds at lower prices than any man in Ebensburg. Now is your time, as room must be made for Spring goods. Remember the place—M. L. Oatman's, No. 100 High street.

—Misfortunes come not singly, but in battalions. A couple of weeks ago, a store in which Mr. David Davis, of Jackson township, was a partner, with its contents, was destroyed by fire, and on Sunday his eldest child was stricken down by scarlet fever. Two other of his children are also suffering from the same dread disease.

—Mrs. Genevieve R., wife of Mr. Powell Stackhouse, died at the residence of her mother, in Johnstown, last Sunday night. She was a sister of James M. Swank, editor of the *Industrial Bulletin*, and G. T. Swank, editor of the Johnstown *Tribune*, and was a woman beloved by all who came within the genial warmth of her acquaintance. Her age was 28 years.

—For the information of the Johnstown *Tribune*, if it is worth while giving information to a journal that seldom tells the truth except by accident, we wish to say that Messrs. L. & S. M. Davis, our energetic liverymen, had sleigh hacks at Cresson Monday morning last in good time for trains east and west, there being no serious blockade of the turnpike between this place and the above point.

—Here is a poet who says: "I'm sitting sadly on the strand that stretches to the water's brink, and as the day slips slowly by I fold my hands and think." Whilst he is sitting on the strand with idly folded hands, his family at home may be suffering for those necessaries of life—dry goods, groceries and sich like—which Myers & Lloyd keep in great vanity and sell for cash at prevailing prices.

—By reference to our Court proceedings, it will be seen that it is proposed to change the time of the holding of our county Courts from the first Monday of March to the third Monday of the same month—inspired, doubtless, by the snow-storms, usually characteristic of this month—and from the first Monday in December to the fourth Monday of November. This arrangement has the unanimous sanction of the bar, and will doubtless be ratified by the Court.

—Our branch railroad was snowed up again Thursday of last week, but was opened for purposes of travel and transportation the day following. On Sunday succeeding, the road was again hermetically sealed, and it required the united efforts of five locomotives all day Monday to plow their way through the everlasting drifts to the depot here. Two locomotives that essayed this task Sunday evening stuck fast in Bradley's cut, and remained there over night.

—The remains of Mrs. Mary Jane, wife of Dr. John Lowman, of Johnstown, and eldest daughter of Mr. Johnston Moore, one of the most respected residents of Ebensburg, were conveyed hither from the former place, per special train, on Sunday last, and interred in Lloyd cemetery. A large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends, from both Johnstown and Ebensburg and intermediate points, united in bearing testimony to the esteem in which the memory of the deceased is and ever will be cherished by attending the body to its last resting place.

—The Commissioners of this county have transmitted to Burgess Easly the sum of $200, to be applied to the relief of the poor of Johnstown. In this connection, we deem it not out of place, though a little late, to make mention of the fact that a few weeks ago Sheriff Baumer donated the sum of $50 for the like benevolent purpose. The winter has been an unusually severe one on the poor, and such deeds of charity as these, when worthily bestowed, cannot fail to bring rejoicing to many hearts. The example is one that should be emulated throughout the length and breadth of the county.

—At the annual commencement of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, which takes place to-day, two young Cambrians, Messrs. Ferd. Todd, of Loretto, and J. B. McConnell, of Summitville, will each receive the degree of M. D., with full powers to purge, puke, puncture and patch the balance of creation within the limits of their respective bailiwicks. Both these young gentlemen, and they are gentlemen of true merit, having been close students, cannot fail to make proficient physicians, and as such we wish them abundant success and hope they will cure everybody who has the misfortune to get sick.

—A young lady, seventeen years old, Russell by name, swung herself off by the neck at the house of her brother-in-law in Altoona, Wednesday morning last, using a piece of stout rope for the noose and a trunk for the platform, but finding the pressure about her throat rather uncomfortable, she caught the rope above her head and succeeded in drawing herself up until she stood once more upon the trunk, after which she slipped the noose over her head and then quietly slipped into bed, where she remained until her sister and brother-in-law returned home, when she related her experience substantially as above stated.

—Henry L. Patterson, Esq., an elder brother of ex-Sheriff Patterson, of Johnstown, died at his home in Hollidaysburg, or in Gaysport more properly, on Sunday morning last, aged about 72 years. Mr. Patterson served in the Legislature in 1845, being elected as a friend of the division of Huntingdon county and the formation of the present county of Blair, which he did much to secure. No man deserved more fully or enjoyed more universally the confidence and esteem of his fellow men, as we can testify from our own knowledge, having known Mr. Patterson from our earliest boyhood. Active, energetic, upright and progressive, his life was a public blessing to the community which knew him so long and esteemed him so highly. Peace to his ashes.

DOINGS IN COURT.—The first week's session of our County Courts adjourned last Friday, at 12 o'clock, noon. We continue our report of the business transacted:

Lewis R. Edwards *vs.* David Bonner, administrator of Andrew Young, deceased. Summons debt. Verdict for $3,900 for plaintiff.

SECOND WEEK.

Owing to the prevalence of a severe snow storm on Sunday, which closed the Hollidaysburg branch railroad, his honor, Judge Dean, was unable to reach this point on Monday. Court was therefore adjourned by Associate Lloyd till Tuesday, at 11 o'clock, A. M., when Judge Dean took his seat, and consideration of business was resumed. We append an abstract of the cases disposed of:

Josiah M. Christy *vs.* The Allegheny Coal and Lumber Co. Summons case upon promises, &c. Continued.

W. M. Cooper, Henry W. Piercq and James R. Cooper, trading as Wm. Cooper & Co. *vs.* Martin Rist. Foreign attachment and debt, $3000. Continued on account of illness of Jas. R. Cooper.

Cambria Iron Co. *vs.* Francis Christy and Michael Dimond. Summons in ejectment. Continued by consent.

Geo. Wehn, Jr., endorsee of Henry Walters, *vs.* Ellen W. Walters, admx. of Henry Walters, deceased. Summons case in assumpsit. Continued on application of defendant, at his costs.

Sam'l. F. George *vs.* Geo. B. Richards and Jacob Berge. Case continued.

Alex. Wallace Hughan *vs.* Penn. Railroad Co. Summons in case. Continued at costs of defendant.

Elizabeth McGarity *vs.* James Shumate in ejectment. Continued at costs of defendant.

John Gallighar *vs.* Jas. Collins. Summons in trespass. Continue at costs of defendant.

Solomon Wolf *vs.* W. D. McCumber. Attachment under act of 17th of March, 1869, &c. Verdict for plaintiff for $257.24.

Sarah E. Burns, endorsee, *vs.* Jos. Van Ormer, endorser. Summons in trespass on the case in assumpsit. Continued.

Benjamin Benshoof *vs.* Nancy Jane Roger, adm'x. of Andrew Roger, deceased, and Adam Rose. Scire facias to substitute the personal representatives of A. Roger, deceased. Verdict for plaintiff in the sum of $127.66.

John Brumbaugh *vs.* Jos. W. L. Gallaher. Appeal. Verdict for plaintiff in the sum of $9.00.

Jos. W. L. Gallaher *vs.* John Brumbaugh. Appeal. Verdict for defendant, subject to points reserved by the court.

Wm. M. Gormley *vs.* Felix Jacobs. Summons in trespass on the case. Verdict for defendant for $91.58.

Benj. Vaughn and John Lynch, trading as Vaugh & Lynch, *vs.* John P. O'Neill. Trespass. Defendents' counsel pleads surprise. Case continued at cost of plaintiffs.

Joseph Murphy *vs.* F. N. Burke. Summons case in trespass for malicious prosecution. Verdict for defendant.

James Kildaff *vs.* E. N. Burke. Summons case in trespass for malicious prosecution. Verdict for defendant.

Court adjourned *sine die* at 6 o'clock Wednesday evening.

Friday, April 2d, proximo, was fixed on for the meeting of the next term of Argument Court, on which occasion it is proposed to change the time of the holding of our Courts from the first Monday of March to the third Monday of the same month, and from the first Monday in December to the fourth Monday in November. It is not proposed to change the time of the holding of the June and September terms.

A special session of Court will be held in May next, for the trial of certain causes, at which Judge Hall, of Bedford, or some other Judge from a distance, will preside.

◆

FROZEN TO DEATH.—At a rather late hour on Wednesday night of last week a man named Elias Edmiston, a resident of Susquehanna township, left Carrolltown on foot, homeward bound, being at the time considerably under the influence of liquor and having in his possession one or two bottles well filled with the same commodity. Failing to reach home in due time, and having been seen by no one after his departure from Carrolltown, fears for his safety were very naturally excited in the minds of his friends, who instituted a search on the day following his disappearance and kept it up with more or less continuity until Saturday evening or Sunday morning last, (accounts differing as to time,) when the lifeless remains of the unfortunate man were found in a strip of woods on the farm of Peter Campbell, about one mile north-west of Carrolltown and a few hundred yards from the road leading to Garman's Mills, the home of Mr. E. A well defined path around the base of one of the trees and various other marks in the snow plainly indicated that the benumbed and bewildered man had strained every nerve in the vain attempt to prolong life. When found, an ugly gash in one of his cheeks, as well as innumerable tracks in the snow, showed quite plainly that wood mice had been feasting upon the remains. The body was taken to the house of Mr. H. C. Kirkpatrick, where an inquest was held by Henry Scanlan, Esq. The deceased, who is said to have been a quiet, inoffensive, hard-working man, leaves a wife and seven children to mourn his sad fate.

◆

—Our good old boss Traugh of the *Standard* and our no less sincere friend Over of the *Register*, both of Hollidaysburg, may consider our hat tipped and best bow made for the good wishes expressed in connection with our candidacy for the office of County Treasurer. We assure them both that their kindly endorsements are fully appreciated, and having made up our mind to go in and win, if possible, even if we have to travel every foot of territory in the county—personal solicitation being it seems the one thing necessary for success—we know that they and others of our editorial brethern will be as glad to chronicle our nomination, if we are nominated, as they are now sincere in wishing us God speed in our efforts in that direction. Yet it is well enough to bear in mind that "Jordon is a hard road to travel," and in view of the fact that "there are nine more standing at the door who say they will take sugar in their'n," we are not so sanguine of success as we would be if there was only one and that one ourself. Still we do not question that the convention might go further and fare equally as well, if not better.

◆

—T. T. Spence has just introduced a feature entirely new and exceedingly grotesque in the way of photographs and we are sure that all who appreciate a good thing will feel inclined to present their friends, and especially their lady friends, with their own handsome or homely phizes, as the case may be, done up in this unique and altogether original style of the photographic art. The pictures produced by this method present *bona fide* heads and faces perched upon the most outlandish bodies and borne aloft by the most inconceivable legs that have ever been dreamed of in the philosophy of man, while the positions and pursuits of the respective figures are fully in keeping with all the other amusing features of these comical pictures. Go and see specimens at Spence's Photograph Gallery, opposite Collins, Johnston & Co.'s Bank, High street, Ebensburg.

◆

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—It is natural for people suffering with Consumption, Coughs, Severe Colds, or any other disease of the Throat and Lungs, to put off from day to day buying an article that they know has cured their neighbor, friend, or relative, yet they have no faith in it until it is too late. If you will go to your Druggists and get a bottle of BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP, your immediate cure is as certain as you live.—It has lately been introduced into this country from Germany, and Druggists and people everywhere are elated over its success. You can get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it. Regular size bottle 75 cents. Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, or P. M. Woleslagle & Son, Wilmore.

◆

FOR ALL FEMALE COMPLAINTS, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or the change of life, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription manifests such a positive remedial influence as to call forth the loudest praise from all who use it.

Mr. John A. Kimzey, druggist, of Knob Noster, writes as follows:

Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

DEAR SIR—Your medicines sell better than any other I keep, and give universal satisfaction. The people are especially delighted with your Favorite Prescription, and it seems to be a favorite among all that have ever used it.

It is sold by druggists and dealers in medicines.

◆

If you want to purchase LAND Read the B. & M. Advertisement in another column.

Compulsory Education.

"LIBERTY'S" PARTING SALUTE TO "PATRONUS."

MR. EDITOR—In the issue of March 3d of the Hollidaysburg *Standard* my friend "Patronus" turns up once more for the last time, as the heading of his article intimates, viz: "The last word from Patronus to Liberty." Had Patronus honorably retreated from the contest he might have escaped with what he had received, but the dodging and scurrility in his "last word" will subject him to a little more torture—though I do verily believe, in all conscience, that he has already suffered more mortification of pride, and endured more agony of spirit, than he had calculated on when he penned his first compulsory article. Still, to teach him manners and caution for the future, I give him "a parting salute." A brief resume of the matter at issue will not add much to the laurels of Patronus as he goes into retirement. It will be remembered that the Institute held at Hollidaysburg some time ago, resolved in favor of compulsory education. Soon after Patronus made his appearance in the *Standard* not only endorsing by his simple expression of approbation the action of the Institute, but wrote a lengthy article proving why such a scheme should be enforced. His reasoning appeared plausible and might pass for good sense with many, especially those unacquainted with sophistical arguments. Whether he himself understood the defective character of his reasoning I cannot say—I am inclined to suppose he did not. No doubt he had been for some time thinking over the subject, and may have been so swayed by prejudice as to take a one-sided view of it. I therefore give him credit for some degree of sincerity. Be this as it may, there is one thing certain, that the arguments, although well meant, were very weak—yes, very weak indeed. And what was my surprise to find at the bottom of such arguments the pompous name of "Patronus Redivivus"—a name fit to grace the brow of a Roman emperor. I promised him in one of my letters fair play; he shall have it. Accordingly I here recapitulate his principal points:

First argument in favor of compulsory education—"That the want of education is the cause of indolence, poverty and crime." This assertion, false as it was gratuitous, was met and refuted.

Second. Some person called Dives, no doubt the man in the Gospel was meant, contributes freely (?) to the common schools, and accordingly he considers it right that the children of the Commonwealth should have the benefit of his generosity (?), and in this argument is instituted that a compulsory law should be enacted. The notes of interrogation I have put in the above sentence would refute it. In my latter I showed up the folly of said argument.

Third. An argument was drawn from a supposed case of cruelty on the part of a parent towards his child. "When a parent," says Patronus, "cruelly whips his child until he blackens his body with stripes, surely then the State has a right to interpose in behalf of the abused child; and is it not greater cruelty and barbarity to let a child grow up without education?" And Patronus stated on one occasion that more than half of the children did not go to school, and by implication he accused their parents of being like the monster he describes. This I characterized as an insult to the parents of those children, and pointed out the other bad consequences that would follow from the truth of his unguarded assertion.

Fourth. He said something about the statistics of crime amongst the uneducated. He only made an assertion—gave no proof; and, indeed, statistics are things that might be adduced against a certain kind of education. And finally, Patronus attempts a crushing argument by saying, "that it is not to be disguised, much less denied, that a certain class are just now busy with tongue and pen in assaulting our common school system." This in my opinion is only an ebullition of narrow-minded bigotry. Now, we have here the *summum totum* of Patronus' arguments, and what do they amount to? Of course, as they were diluted through his articles, they were not half so formidable as here prescribed in a phalanx-like manner. Let me see if I cannot compress them a little more to make them present yet a bolder front:

No. 1. There are some poor, indolent, wicked persons; therefore we ought to have a compulsory education law enacted! 2. Some fellow called *Dives* reluctantly pays school taxes; therefore the State should pass a compulsory law!! 3. Some barbarous parent cruelly blackens with stripes the body of his child; therefore we should, by all means, have a compulsory law made to stop the barbarity of parents towards the minds as well as the bodies of their children!!! 4. In certain localities there may be ignorant persons, and in those places a great many are sent to prison—the nature of offenses is not stated; therefore we ought to have a compulsory law passed compelling persons to the age of sixteen to go to school!!!! 5. Certain persons are just now busy with tongue and pen assailing our common schools; therefore we *must*, in order to save the country from ——, have a compulsory law passed at once.

Well, Mr. Editor, my exclamation points are all used up in my efforts to set Patronus' argument in a *favorable* light before the public. Oh! grief upon grief; as I am most anxious to place my friend in his true colors before the public by concentrating his *arguments* still more, to give them greatest possible force, they being of a very compressible nature, I regret that owing to my *compressing machine* being out of repairs just now, I am unable to prove to him my *good will*. The machine, when in good working order, has capacity enough to press Patronus' five great arguments to such small dimensions as to make them rest with ease on the point of a cambric needle. I don't mean the one the elephant might pass through, but the *smallest in common use!* But, seriously speaking, these conceited, shallow writers with the press facilities at their command, are calculated to do much harm to the community by the diffusion of wrong ideas. A little clipping occasionally will make them more guarded and less desirous to appear in print. They are a dangerous class, considering the avidity with which people swallow all that appears in the papers. Instead of building up a sound public conscience, they do much towards debauching the public mind. If there be one thing more than another that our people should be most anxious about, it should be the establishing of a good, correct public conscience, resulting from religion and morality. Patronus' excuse for discontinuing the discussion is an ingenious one—because, forsooth, he cannot use the FREEMAN. This argument too might take its place on the needle point along with the five great ones. Plenty room for it. Patronus selected his organ and I selected mine; there were no conditions between us; he was at liberty to make his articles long or short; I claimed the same privilege. When a person wants to change his *modus operandi*, it is evident that things are not working to his satisfaction. If his first article was good for the *Standard* readers, why not the second, third, and so on, when the subject was the same? Patronus had the privilege of having my articles inserted in the *Standard*. This he meets by saying they would take up too much space, and adds, "No, sir! I cannot so grieve good nature; I cannot meditate such an outrage against the many readers of that excellent paper." Had you said I cannot allow my heretofore admirers to witness such an overwhelming crushing of me, you would be nearer the truth. You have great sympathy for the readers of the *Standard*. Were you not afraid they might see something at the expense of your lofty assumptions?

These various little decoys are held out in my friend's "last word" to make it appear that he is not the person whom I supposed him to be. But these hints only confirm me the more in my former opinion. But as to that matter I care not who he is, what he is, or where he "makes his tin cups;" but this I do know, that he is a shallow, conceited, and bigoted person, who would glory to see laws enacted curtailing the liberties of the people, *and this under the pretence of serving them!* The liberty of educating their children is one of the dearest to the people, and they should sacredly guard it.

Centralization of power in our republican government is dangerous—every attempt in that direction diminishes the power of the people—and gradually the people become no better than serfs. And now let me add one remark on this subject: I know of no more dangerous centralization of power than that which would get into the hands of those who would seek to be the custodians of public education. And finally, for fear Patronus might be unduly elated at the fact that he has caused, or rather given me occasion to write much on education—compulsory or otherwise—let me now, at our parting, assure him that he merely furnished me with a peg to hang an idea on; that is, he afforded me *the occasion*.

Now I am done with Patronus and his petty little scheme of compulsory education. Had he shown less acquaintance with slang and bad manners than appears in the first paragraphs of two of his articles, he might in all probability have escaped the *bitterness* of this article. Begone from my presence, you vile advocate of the infamous Prussian system! you are not fit to stand in the presence of

LIBERTY.

◆

California Correspondence.

CRESSEY STATION, Mercer Co., Cal.,
March 1, 1875.

DEAR FREEMAN—The enclosed letter was sent to me about a month ago and was advertised, the *ignorant* P. M. alleging that he did not know any one of that name. I told him to go to h—eaving up his victuals, and ask anywhere—that I was known all over the world and in China. But the worst of it is, there is a law out here which provides that a man shall have only one name and that name must be registered, or one is liable to arrest. But here is the letter:

EAST RIDGE, Clearfield Co., Pa.

ROB ROY—*Dear Sir:* I saw your address in the Ebensburg paper, and I take the pleasure of writing to you. I wish that you would let me know what times are like out there; what times are in the woods; what wages are on a farm, and how it is for hunting; and oblige

Yours, respectfully,
JABEZ LEIDSTONE.

There are only four interrogatories in this letter. To the first I answer *yes*; to the second, *yes, sir*; to the third, *yes, sir-ree*; and to the fourth, *yes, sir-ree, bob.* ROB ROY.

Communication.

CAMBRIA COUNTY, March 8, 1875.

FRIEND MCPIKE—I have asked a great many people the question, What does President Grant mean? and I have received different answers. Along with this I would ask, What are the people going to do? President Grant, among his first official acts, showed the people that he knew nothing about the constitution and cared nothing about it, by appointing a cabinet officer that was ineligible to the position. If he knew no better we should all be ashamed of his ignorance, but if he did the act knowingly, it looked as though he cared more for the man than he did for the people and their sacred charter. Then again look at the Louisiana affair. Was ever such a revolutionary act knowingly committed by any officers, either State or National? The representatives of Louisiana did not meet in the legislative halls on the fourth of January by authority of the President, nor of Congress, nor of the U. S. Senate, nor of Kellogg, the usurper, nor by the authority of any other man, nor set of men, nor law, nor code of laws, nor nation, nor people, save only by virtue of an authority that came direct from the citizens of the sovereign State of Louisiana—they having been elected according to the provisions of the constitution of that State—the very latest expression of the wish and will of the people of that great, free State—that is, providing we can call it free. Now by that act he and his subordinates have overstepped their constitutional limits; they have usurped powers that did not belong to them; they have trampled the constitution of the United States under foot, as well as the constitution of Louisiana and the government of the people. Now, any man that knows anything knows that such things are revolutionary, and that the day must come when these things must be strictly accounted for, or else we will have no constitutional government.

And now without saying anything about that poor, weak, lame excuse which Grant offered to the U. S. Senate in favor of General Sheridan's revolutionary conduct, let us look at the State of Arkansas. About nine months ago he told us that Baxter was lawfully elected governor in 1872, and now he says that Brooks was the man who was really elected. In nine months or a year after this, might he not say that some other person was or should be governor of Arkansas. Does Grant mean third term by this, or does he mean to set all constitutional authority aside, and become dictator? If the people stand with their hands folded until he revolutionizes every Southern State, then his third term is sure, for what is to prevent it? We may say that the Northern States have protested and do protest as plainly as they can—on paper. But what does Grant care for their protests. His acts show how much he care—simply nothing at all. I am aware that the lawful way would be the right and best way, but what regard has he for the right? If the people stand these things much longer—that is, I mean the people of the Northern States—they are not composed of the kind of material their forefathers were who threw the tea into Boston harbor. Yours, INQUIRER.

◆

THAT'S WHERE.—Oh! where are you going, my amiable friend? Oh! where are you going, my "Joel?" I am going a good suit of clothing to buy at the great Star Clothing Hall. And where can that be, my amiable friend? Oh! where, where can that be? said he. At 109 Clinton street is the place, as you quickly shall see—shall see. Then I will go with you, my amiable friend; then I will go with you, said he. So they both went together, and with suits for spring weather they were soon fitted to a T. T. T. Forget not James J. Murphy's Star Clothing Hall, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown.

OBITUARY.

MCATAGART.—Died, in Petrolia, Pa., on Monday, March 1st, 1875, CECILIA, wife of Charles McAtagart and youngest daughter of Mr. John Neason, late of St. Augustine.

It is less than two years since the subject of this notice left the home of her childhood, a bride. Words are vain and imagination fails to picture the grief of her stricken husband and devoted friends when they carried her, for the last time, to rest for a little while, unconscious of all, beneath the old homestead roof, and then saw her borne to the silent tomb in the churchyard at St. Augustine. May the Great Giver of all consolation impart to them strength and comfort in this hour, and may the soul of this truly Christian woman find rest in the bosom of God. M.

NOTICE.—The annual election of a Board of Trustees of the Ebensburg Academy will be held at the office of the Secretary, in Ebensburg, Pa., on the **5th day of April** next, between the hours of 7 and 8, P. M.
March 12.-3t. JNO. E. SCANLAN, Sec'y.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the real estate of Peter McGough and Rose McGough, in the case of Casey, Fogerty & Co. *vs.* Peter McGough and Rose McGough, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, the **2d** day of APRIL, 1875, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
JOHN FENLON, Auditor.
March 12, 1875.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
In the matter of the exceptions to the account of GEO. C. K. ZAHM and H. KINKEAD, executors of the estate of David Powell, who was guardian of Benjamin John Rees Davis.

And now, March 9, 1875, on motion of Messrs. Shoemaker & Sechler, John G. Lake appointed Auditor to report on the exceptions, etc., at next Argument Court.

Pursuant to the above appointment, I will sit at my office with the Recorder of Cambria county, in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, the **26th** day of MARCH, A. D. 1875, at 2 o'clock, P. M.
J. G. LAKE, Auditor.
Ebensburg, March 9, 1875.-3t.

NEW STORE--NEW GOODS.

Having just opened a first-class

Fancy Store

in Room formerly occupied by V. S. Barker,

I WILL SELL EVERYTHING IN MY LINE

AT THE VERY

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

MRS. M. J STEHLEY.

Ebensburg, March 12, 1875.-4t.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the District Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Opera House in Johnstown, on MONDAY, the **5th** day of APRIL next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Charles McBride and Mrs. M. J. McBride, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the borough of Conemaugh, Cambria county, bounded as follows, to wit:—Bounded on the east by lot of Joseph Wherry, on the north by lot of Thomas Walters, on the west by lot of Simon Rhoads, and on the south by lot of Vincent Smith, having thereon erected a two story plank house, not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wm. Caldwell.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Bernard Bracken, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Conemaugh township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Cambria Iron Co., Charles Wilson, Samuel Ricard, and others, containing 300 acres, more or less, about — acres cleared, having thereon erected a two story frame house, not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Thacher & Co.
HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Johnstown, March 8, 1875.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Real Estate!

BY virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale at the Court House in Ebensburg, Pa., on

MONDAY, MARCH 29th, 1875,

At 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described property, to wit:

A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND

situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of D. McGough, J. Tomlinson, A. Biller, and others, containing SIXTY ACRES, more or less, about FIFTY ACRES cleared, having thereon erected a DWELLING HOUSE, STABLE and necessary Outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by judgment bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.
JOSEPH TOMLINSON,
March 12.-3t. Committee of JOHN VAUGHT.

NOTICE is hereby given that I purchased at Sheriff's sale, on the 26th day of February, 1875, the following described property, which I have left with JOSEPH HIPP during my pleasure: 1 bay horse about four years old and 1 set of harness. All persons are cautioned against interfering with said property.
GEORGE CROOK.
Chest Twp., March 5, 1875.-3t.

J. GALLITZIN LAKE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Register and Recorder, in Court House.

C. ARBUTHNOT. W. T. SHANNON. J. G. STEPHENSON.

ARBUTHNOT, SHANNON & CO.,

Nos. 239 and 241 Liberty St.,

PITTSBURGH,

OFFER THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF

DRY GOODS & NOTIONS!

Complete in all Departments, Exclusively Wholesale,

AT BOTTOM EASTERN PRICES.

☞ NEW GOODS OPENED EVERY DAY. ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED. BUYERS ☜
[2-5.] ☞ WILL FIND IT TO THEIR ADVANTAGE TO CALL. ☜ [3m.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

WILL be exposed to Public Sale, at the residence of FLORENCE WILLEBRAND, near Loretto, in Allegheny township, Cambria county, on

FRIDAY, MARCH 26th, 1875,

At 1 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described property, to wit: 1 Spring Calf, 2 Hogs, 1 one-horse Spring Wagon, 1 one-horse Sled, Cultivator Harrow, Shovel Plow, Grain Cradle, Saddle, Harness, a lot of heavy Rope, 1 Eight-day Clock, 1 Shot-Gun, 1 Breakfast Table, Chairs, Barrels, County Map, Two-thirds of Four Acres of Wheat in the ground, Oats by the bushel, and one Tub of Apple-Butter. ☞ Terms will be made known at time of sale.

Also, at the same time, will be offered for sale all that certain

PIECE or PARCEL of LAND

situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, beginning at a post, corner of land of P. H. Shields; thence by land of said Shields, South 67¼ degrees, East 30 perches, to a post; thence by land of F. A. Storm, South 15 degrees, West 79 perches, to post in Plank Road; thence along said Plank Road, South 82 degrees, West 5 perches, to post; thence South 57 degrees, West 22 perches; thence South 78 degrees, West 44 perches, to a post; thence still along said Plank Road, North 84 degrees, West 18 perches, to a post; thence by and of George Eberly, Joseph D. Herizog, and P. H. Shields, North 42¼ degrees, East 100 perches, to a hemlock; thence North 15 degrees, East 14 perches, to the place of beginning—containing **28 Acres and 85 Perches**, strict measure.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-half the purchase money on delivery of the Deed, and the balance in one year, with interest, to be secured by the judgment exemption note of the purchaser.
H. KINKEAD,
March 12.-3t. Assignee of Florence Willebrand.

GILES' LINIMENT

TRADE MARK

IODIDE OF AMMONIA

Cures Neuralgia, Face Ache, Rheumatism, Gout, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Bruises or Wounds of every nature in man or animal. The remarkable cures this remedy has effected classes it as one of the most important and valuable remedies ever discovered for the cure and relief of pain. "The sinews of my left hand were contracted from an old abscess, drawing the fingers into the palm of the hand. I applied *Giles' Liniment Iodide of Ammonia*. It relaxed them so that I can straighten my fingers and use my hands." B. MCDERMOTT, 40 W. 13 St., N. Y.

For sale by J. P. THOMPSON, Ebensburg, Pa.

1875. WHERE NOW? 1876.

To MICHIGAN, one of the foremost, *flourishing* and healthy States!

WHAT FOR?

To buy a FARM out of the

ONE MILLION ACRES

of fine farming lands for sale by the GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

Strong soils. Ready markets. Sure crops. Good schools. R. R. runs through centre of grant. Settlements all along. All kinds of products raised. Plenty of water, timber and building materials. Price from $4 to $10 per acre; one-fourth down—balance on time.

☞ Send for illustrated pamphlet, full of facts and figures, and be convinced. Address
W. A. HOWARD, Comm'r,
Grand Rapids, Mich.
F. R. L. PEIRCE, Sec'y Land Dep't.

THE MARVEL OF THE WORLD—Bethesda Water—It has restored thousands from the brink of the grave; given health and strength to those deemed beyond the reach of all medical science, and turned the path of affliction to one of happiness in the blessings within its virtues. It cures the deadly Bright's disease and Diabetes; eradicates all diseases of the kidneys; restores the urinary organs to strength and power—in a word, it is a natural restorer of health, and has performed the most wonderful and miraculous cures of any known specific on the globe. Address, for circulars, etc., Capt. EUGENE R. HENDRY, Waukesha, Wis.

WANTED---A FEW GOOD MEN

To represent Fountain Hill Nurseries, Orville, O., in the sale of Fruit Trees and General Nursery Stock. Canvass to begin in April or May for October delivery. Only those need apply who can give security, as important sums of money must be handled during delivery. Applicants will be visited by our traveling agent, and arrangements completed. Address
J. GARDNER & SON, Alliance, Ohio.

Virginia Lands.

We offer for sale three hundred improved and unimproved farms in the mild and salubrious climate of Virginia. Also, tracts of Iron, Coal and Timber lands. Send stamp for VA. REAL ESTATE JOURNAL. Map of Virginia, 50 cents.
CHAFFIN, STAPLES & CO.,
Richmond, Virginia.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—Dr. C. W. Benson, a Practising Physician, at 103 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md., (who has paid much attention to nervous diseases,) has discovered that extract of celery and camomile combined in a certain proportion invariably cures headache, either bilious, dyspeptic, nervous or sick headache, neuralgia and nervousness. This is a triumph in medical chemistry, and sufferers all over the country are ordering by mail. He prepares it in pills, at 50 cents per box. The Doctor is largely known and highly respected in Baltimore.—*Episc'l Methodist.*

STUTTERING.—U. S. Stammering Institute (Dr. White,) 417 4th Ave., N. Y. Best references. No pay until perfectly cured. Call or send for circular.

$75 A WEEK to Agents to sell an article *saleable as flour.* Profits immense. Package free. Address BUCKEYE M'F'G CO., Marion, Ohio.

$200 a month to agents everywhere. Address Excelsior M'f'g Co., Buchanan, Mich.

ADVERTISING: Cheap: Good: *Systematic.*—All persons who contemplate making contracts with newspapers for the insertion of advertisements, should send 25 cents to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, New York, for their PAMPHLET-BOOK (*ninety-sixth edition*), containing lists of over 2000 newspapers and estimates, showing the cost. Advertisements taken for leading papers in many States at a tremendous reduction from publishers' rates. GET THE BOOK.

TEAS—The choicest in the world.—Importers' prices—Largest Company in America—staple article—pleases everybody—Trade continually increasing—Agents wanted everywhere—best inducements—don't waste time—send for Circular to ROBERT WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N. Y., P. O. Box 1287.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Terms free. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Male and Female Agents, in their own locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars Free. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

EMPLOYMENT.

I want 1,000 agents to canvass for the COMPLETE HERBALIST, and THE GROWING WORLD. I will give such terms and furnish such advertising facilities that no man need make less than $200 per month and all expenses—no matter whether he ever canvassed before or not. Address Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 21 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J., and full particulars will be sent by return mail.

A GOOD BUSINESS OPENING!

The United States Life Insurance Company of New York, desires to engage the services of competent, reliable men, as district General Agents in Cambria County. Liberal arrangements will be made with parties who can furnish satisfactory reference as to ability and integrity.
J. PALMER O'NEIL, Manager,
No. 60 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

NOTICE.—Application will be duly made for a Charter for this Company, for the purpose of mining Coal.
CAMBRIA COAL AND COKE CO.
March 5, 1875.-3t. SOUTH FORK, PA.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of **Scrofula**, and all scrofulous diseases, **Ulcers, Eruptions**, and eruptive disorders of the skin, **Tumors, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm**, and internal **Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver.** It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as **Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility**, and **Leucorrhœa**, when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

50 MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY AGO,

Dr. H. D. SELLERS,

a celebrated physician of Pittsburgh, discovered and used in his practice the popular remedy known throughout the country as SELLERS' IMPERIAL COUGH SYRUP. This is no QUACK remedy. It was born of wisdom, matured by science, and thousands are living witnesses of its wonderful curative powers. It is pleasant to take, and sure to cure Coughs, Colds, Croups, Bronchial Affections, Tickling in the Throat, and all diseases of a kindred nature. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Pittsburg, Pa., are also proprietors of JOHNSTON'S RHEUMATIC COMPOUND, the great internal remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, &c. You can have a doctor always in the house by keeping SELLERS' Family Medicines on hand. *Their Liver Pills* are the oldest and best in the market, and every bottle of their Vermifuge is warranted.

For sale by druggists and country dealers. A. A. BARKER & SON, Agents, Ebensburg, Pa. [3-5.-3m.]

ELECTION NOTICE.—In pursuance of a Resolution passed by the Burgess and Town Council on the 27th day of February, 1875, an election will be held at the respective places of holding elections in the East and West Wards of Ebensburg Borough, on SATURDAY, the **10th** day of APRIL, 1875, for the purpose of determining whether the debt of said Borough shall be increased to an extent, with the present indebtedness thereof, not to exceed seven per centum of the assessed valuation of said Borough as fixed by the last assessment—the money arising from said increase of indebtedness to be applied to obtaining a supply of water, for fire and other purposes, for said Borough of Ebensburg.

Valuation of Borough property at last assessment	$222,387.00
Existing indebtedness of Borough	4,117.10
Amount of the proposed increase	11,349.99

The tickets to be voted shall be labeled on the outside, "Increase of Debt," and contain on the inside the words, "No increase of debt," or "Debt may be increased."

By order of the Burgess and Town Council.
GEO. HUNTLEY, Burgess.
Attest—T. W. DICK, Secretary. [3-5.-6t.]

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Fi. Fa.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale at the Court House in Ebensburg, on SATURDAY, the **20th** DAY OF MARCH, inst., at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Peter Mersinger, of, in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in Carrolltown borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Main street and adjoining lots of Mrs. Kaylor, Mrs. Eastman, and others, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story plank house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of Mrs. Burns. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of F. Bearer. HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, March 1, 1875.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE!—The partnership heretofore existing between JOHN BENTON and JOHN S. TITTLE, under the firm name of BENTON & TITTLE, in the hardware business, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, JOHN S. TITTLE retiring. The business will hereafter be carried on by JOHN BENTON, at the old stand, where all accounts will be settled by him.
JOHN BENTON,
JOHN S. TITTLE.

All persons indebted to the late firm, either by note or book account, are requested to please call and settle. JOHN BENTON.
Johnstown, Feb. 27, 1875. [3-5.-3t.]

HANDS OFF!—Having purchased at Sheriff's sale, February 26th, 1875, the following described property, which I have left with JOHN EHRHART, of Chest township, hereby warn all persons against meddling or in any way interfering with the same: 2 gray mares, 1 black colt, 1 bay colt, 7 head cattle, 1 two-horse sled, 1 threshing machine, harness, saddle and bridle; hay, straw, oats and buckwheat; 1 cooking stove and 1 heating stove.
PETER ERHHART.
Carroll Twp., March 5, 1875.-3t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MARY MCGLADE, dec'd.
Letters of Administration on the estate of said decedent, late of Allegheny township, having been granted to the undersigned, living in said township, all persons having claims against said estate will present them properly proven, and those indebted to the same will make payment forthwith.
Feb. 26, 1875.-6t. BRIDGET MELOY.

APPOINTMENT OF ASSIGNEE.
(IN BANKRUPTCY.)
The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of GEORGE J. THOMAS, of Johnstown, in the County of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, within said district, who has been adjudged a Bankrupt upon his own petition by the District Court of said district.
Feb. 23, 1875.-3t. W. R. LONACKER.

Essays in Natural History.

BY LITTLE JOHNNY.

THE RHINOCEROS.

But you don't kno what a lamy is, cos it is from South America, where nobody goes, but maybe there is one in the Zoo, I don't kno. It is some like a sheep and some like a camel and that is all I know about a lamy, which issent lame, anyhow, but is jes called that, but when it comes to rinoceroses I can tell you a lot about them fellers.

When my uncle Ned tole me one day wy dident I rite about the unicorn, I said I wude and I set down and rote about its one horn and how it was foun in Africa and how it fot lions and all about it, but wen I come to its tail I said it did not have a tossel. Unkle Ned said Johne, now you're got to the end wy don't you stop? Then he tole me not to bother him, but look in books, and wen I had look of thru some books about animells I cuddent fine any unicorn, so he said it was only a rinocerus, and you never see sech a fewrious boy as I was! I got a picter of a unicorn and a picter of a rinocerus and sho le 'em, and said did he think I was a fool. Uncle Ned he lookt at the two pictures careful, and after a while he had to confes they wasent the same. But he said Johnny if you was an artist with a lite and graceful fancy sech a thing as the rinoceros was a sitting to you for his picter, wuddent you be tempted to flatter him jest the least bit in the worl by a few delicate touches here and there. I said yes, but I don't kno wot he ment.

The rinoceros fites with elephance wich it lifs on its horn and makes 'em sick. A book wich I have says wen one has an ephalent on its nose the ephalents fat gits on the rinocerosses eyes and puts 'em out, but if I had a trunk and two big tuskses you wouldn't cetch me a fitin wit fat, and a furnishing it myself.

In Africa the niggers some times set their houses on posts to keep the snaiks out, and one day a nigger which had his house that way was a setting on the flore a playin cards with another nigger, and a rinoceros wich had gone under the house stuck his horn thru the floor between the two niggers, and wen it come up one niggers he said "wots that?" But the other which had jus plade a card was a looking in his hand and dident see the horn, so he said you kno wel enuf wot it is, have you got anything to take it with, thats the question. Then the other nigger said no he diddent think he had, les he plade trump—he sposed wen a horn was plade he ot to trump. But he diddent cos the house was upset fore he cude make up his mind

THE CROCKY DILE.

Ally gaters is jus the same thing only living under a other form of guverment, for the diles is mostly Egiptuns but the gaters like America the best, were there aint any queen, wich ol American thinks sets on a throne and cuts fokses head of, and these animels bleeves they has got nice heads like Shake's pear. But he diddent have notches in his back like a saw. These notches is wy the diles and gaters is called sawrians. Some crocky-diles is as long as enything and one wich was in Injy was see by my Uncle Ned a comin right towards him, and he said it was so long it remended him of the road leadin to the fort were the sojers was.

Another time, while Uncle Ned was in a swomp there was a big dile which come to him as tame as a ole cow. I ast him did he tri to cetch it for the Zoo, and he said it was jist the other way and when I said wy diddent he cetch it, he said he new he ot, but the fack was he see it was a goin his way, and he diddent bleeve in compulsin fokes which was a goin rite in the long run.

Crocky diles has got skins which is so thick that nothing can hurt 'em. Once they wos a dog see one a lyin' down, and the dog run up and bit real hard, and got away as quick as he cude, about a mile, and wen it lookt back the dile haddent mooved. Then the dog it went back and took another bite, and the dile roled over on its side and yond and shut its eye like it said I was up late last nite I must tri to git some sleep, or I shant be fit for work. Then the dog, seein it diddent mine it, went to its tale and lay down too, not to sleep but to chew the pint of diles tale. When it had chude an hour the dile it begun to snore, and then the dog, which had almost wore itself out a chuin, got up and shook his head very sad like sayin poor feller, it must be awful tuf, but I aint got no time, let him go to the ospital.

Such big mouths nobody ever seed. A man which wanted to cude sit down in a crocky diles mouth and read the FREEMAN.

They was a crocky dile a swimmin up a creek, and it saw a horse more than a mile a way on a hill, and new it cuddent have the horse, but it cuddent help a throin open its mouth every time it see the horse, and when ever it opened its month of the water run in it, and there wasent any to swim in, so it stuck fast in the bottom at last it got out on the bank and workt, and said it never see such times as the world was come to wen a gentleman cudden take a quiet swim without being annoid by upstart horses, which ot to know their place and keep it. I spose he was a conservativ dile, thats wot I think.

* * *

AN interesting phenomenon is observed in Cadunk, Lily and Lake Ponds, at Southington, Conn., decomposition of vegetable matter on the bottom producing carbureted hydrogen gas, which may be ignited at this season by applying a match at holes made in the ice. Some genius proposes to put an air-tight covering over one of the ponds, and furnish illuminating gas to the town.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

GOODS MARKED DOWN

TO MEET THE

GREAT REDUCTION IN WAGES.

LOOK AT THE PRICES:

FRENCH MERINOS,

ALL COLORS, AT FIFTY CENTS PER YARD.

FINE DRESS GOODS,

IN TEN COLORS, AT THE LOW PRICE OF

Twenty-Five Cents a Yard,

AND MANY OTHER BARGAINS, AT THE POPULAR STORE OF

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

Nos. 113 and 115 CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

BUY YOUR MUSICAL GOODS AT

KNAKE & McGINN'S,

Importers, Manufacturers, and Dealers in all kinds of

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE!

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

KNAKE & McGINN PIANO, AND THE PHILHARMONIC ORGAN:

GENERAL WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE

PATENT ARION PIANO.

Dealers in Distin & Co's (London), Besson (London), Saxe (Paris), Piston Valve, and our own make of Rotary Valve BAND INSTRUMENTS. The best and freshest Strings for all Instruments constantly on hand.

Being PUBLISHERS of SHEET MUSIC, we make this branch a specialty, and always keep a full stock of the latest and best pieces on hand. Our stock of music books of all kinds is complete. PIANOS AND ORGANS SOLD ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN. OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE. Clergymen, Principals of Seminaries, Leaders of Bands, Teachers, and all wishing to purchase Musical Goods will find it to their interest to communicate directly with us. Catalogues and Price Lists furnished free on application.

WAREROOMS, No. 12 Sixth Street, (Late St. Clair.)

[1-29.-1y.] PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE BEST

Prairie Lands

—IN—

IOWA AND NEBRASKA

FOR SALE BY THE

BURLINGTON & MISSOURI RIVER R. R. CO.

On Ten Years' Credit and 6 per cent. Interest.

One Million Acres in Iowa & Southern Nebraska.

The finest country in the world to combine farming and Stock Raising. The soil is rich and easily cultivated; Climate warm; Seasons long; Taxes low, and Education Free. No Payments required on principal till FIFTH year, and then only ONE-SEVENTH EACH YEAR UNTIL PAID.

Land Exploring Tickets

Sold at important stations on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Rail Road, and cost of same refunded when land is bought.

Half Fare to families of purchasers, and LOW FREIGHTS on household goods and farm stock.

Twenty per cent. premium for cultivation.

Large Discounts for Cash within one, two and three years.

Products will pay for Land and Improvements long before the Principal becomes due.

"The so-called destitution in Nebraska lies in the far western region, beyond the lands of the B. & M. R. R. Co."

For circulars that will describe fully these lands, and the terms of sale, apply to or address, LAND COMMISSIONER,

[12-25-3m.] Burlington, Iowa, for Iowa Lands, or Lincoln, Neb., for Nebraska Lands.

A LITTLE CONFAB

—ABOUT THE—

Singer Sewing Machine

And Where to Buy It.

COUNTRYMAN—See here, neighbor, can you tell me where I can buy the sewing machine people talk so much about?

CITIZEN OF EBENSBURG—Yes, with pleasure. I presume it is the Singer Sewing Machine that you mean.

C.—Yes, that's the name of it.

C. OF E.—Well, just down there, two doors east of Zahm's store, is the place, and my word for it you will be well pleased with your purchase if you invest in one of those machines. Messrs. BAILEY & TATE, the agents, have now on hand all styles and sizes of these indispensable machines, from the cheapest to the most valuable, and are accommodating gentlemen who will be pleased to show you the ins and outs of their various machines, whether you desire to buy or not. They also keep thread, needles and all the other paraphernalia of a sewing machine, and are at all times prepared to attend to the repairing of machines in a substantial and satisfactory manner, and at very moderate rates. Don't forget the place—High street, two doors east of Zahm's store, Ebensburg. [4-21.-tf.]

A CARD.

EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY.

AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., are much higher than they really are we deem it necessary for our own protection and for the information of the public to publish the following

LIST OF PRICES.

Blankets	3.50 per pair.
Flannels	30 and 35 cts. per yard.
Cassimeres	50 cts. per yard.
Satinetts	50 cts. per yard.
Carding and Spinning	20 cts. per lb.
Carding	7 " "

T. M. JONES & SONS,

July 18, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg Woolen Factory.

G. W. YEAGER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

AND DEALERS IN

Heating, Parlor and Cooking Stoves,

No. 1402 Eleventh Avenue,

Altoona, Pa.

ROOFING and SPOUTING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to, and polite attention accorded to all, whether they purchase or not.

Altoona, Sept. 5, 1873.-tf.

CRAWFORD HOUSE.

EBENSBURG, PA.

John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. [May 2, 1873.-tf.]

Parke's Marble Works,

133 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

Oct. 21.-3m.* JOHN PARKE.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, AND TELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.

Sept. 26.tf. JAS. B. ZAHM, Cashier.

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity. Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive early attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.

E. H. PLANK, M. D., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Office adjoining residence and immediately in the rear of Hon. R. J. Lloyd's drug store. Night calls can be made at the residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Crawford street, Ebensburg. [4-24.-tf.]

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made the residence of JOHN BUCK, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence in Town Hall, Julian street, where night calls should be made [4-4.-tf.]

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

GEO M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law* Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street three doors from High street. [aug.27,-72.]

A BOLD SCHEMER.

A singular trial will, according to the Berlin correspondent of the London *Standard*, take place at Potsdam. One of the peculiarly interesting features of this case will be the appearance of some of the most distinguished personages in the country, including the Crown Prince and Princes' in the character of witnesses. The person into whose doings a judicial inquiry in now pending, a woman named Kirst, had been some time carrying on a swindling game no less bold in conception than it was successful in execution. "Frau Kirst" may be described as a Spitzeder, without the religious element. Her mode of action displays all the simplicity characteristic of the highest genius. She appears to have moved in very good society, and to have been on a very friendly footing with the genteel usurers who trade upon the temporary needs of people of rank and fortune, and was no doubt frequently employed as go-between in the arrangements of such transactions. Otherwise it is not easy to see how she could have wormed herself into the confidence of her victims. One of her favorite modes of operation was the following:

She kept a good table, and would often invite her moneyed friends, one at a time to partake of her good cheer. When the champagne was freely circulating, the liveried footman would enter with a letter or a telegram upon a silver salver. The missive not unfrequently ran thus:

"DEAR FRAU KIRST—I must have 50,000 thalers this evening on any terms. Secrecy."

It was signed with the name of distinguished, often royal, personages. Sometimes the letters produced were genuine—that is to say, really sent by the persons whose signature were affixed to them, although the contents might refer to some very different matter, but generally they were direct forgeries. After a hurried perusal, the letter, with many earnest recommendations of discreation, would be placed in the hands of the man of business, whose eyes would glisten with delight as he drew forth his check book and closed a bargain at the moderate rate of 30 or 40 per cent. The game, however, is now up, and poor Mistress Kirst is now in prison with declared debts to the amount of 300,000 thalers, increased every day by the fresh claims sent in to the Potsdam Court from some hitherto undiscovered dupe living, perhaps, at the other end of the world. The proceedings will, of course, turn the lantern upon some of the mysteries of contemporary Berlin life, and present many curious and interesting speeches.

LENGTH OF GEOLOGICAL PERIODS.

The celebrated geological writer, Mr. Lubbock, in his book entitled "Pre-Historic Times," says that all the facts of geology tend to indicate an antiquity of which we are beginning to form but a dim idea. Take, for instance, one single formation—our well-known chalk. This consists entirely of shells, and fragments of shells deposited at the bottom of an ancient sea far away from any continent. Such a process as this must be very slow;—probably we should not be very much above the mark if we were to assume a rate of deposition of ten inches in a century. Now the chalk is upwards of 1,000 feet thick, and would have required, therefore, more than 120,000 years for its formation. The fossiliferous beds of Great Britain, as a whole, are more than 7,000 feet in thickness, and many which with us measures only a few inches, on the continent expand into strata of immense depth; while others of great importance elsewhere are wholly wanting with us, for it is evident that during all the different periods in which Great Britian has been dry land, strata have been forming, as is, for example, the case now elsewhere, and not with us.

Moreover, we must remember that many of the strata now existing have been formed at the expense of older ones; thus all the flint gravels in the southeast of England have been produced by the destruction of chalk. This again is a very slow process. It is estimated that a cliff five hundred feet high will be worn away at the rate of an inch in a century. This may seem a slow rate, but we must bear in mind that along any line of coast there are comparatively few points which are suffering at one time, and that even on those, when a fall of a cliff has taken place, the fragments serve as a protection to the coast until they have been gradually removed by the waves. The Whealden Valley is twenty-two miles in breadth, and on these data it is calculated that the denudation of the Wheald must have required more than 150,000,000 of years.

FARMING IN CALIFORNIA.

A farm in California, consisting of 20,000 acres, has just been let for five years at an annual rental of $40,000. The farm is stocked with 1,900 head of cattle, 100 horses, 50 mules, and 1,500 hogs, costing the lessee, with crops, the sum of $74,250. Heavy farming that. But out there they have sheep ranges of 100,000 acres, with flocks numbering from 60,000 to 100,000 head, while there are farmers who boast of wheat crops amounting to 50,000 and 120,000 bushels. Cattle raising, once a prominent interest, is going down. The vineyard and dairy interests are continually growing, both being conducted on the very extensive scale which appears to characterize farming operations in that region. The receipts of wheat at Stockton on one day recently amounted to 1,495 tons.

A SUICIDAL SCORPION.

The statement that a scorpion, when driven to bay by its enemies and unable to escape, will kill itself by a blow from its venomous sting has usually been regarded as rather mythical. A well attested instance, however, of the suicide of the insect has lately been published by Dr. de Bellesme. The writer states that, having captured a scorpion, he converged the rays of the sun on its back by means of a burning glass. The insect became furiously enraged, and finally raised its sting and struck itself, dying within half a minute afterward.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

—TO—

CASH BUYERS

—AT THE—

Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS on all goods in his line, consisting of

MOWING and REAPING MACHINES

AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS;

COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES

of the most popular designs and of all styles, prices and qualities;

TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

of my own manufacture;

HARDWARE, ALL KIND!

such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Table Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Hammers, Axes, Hatchets, Boring Machines, Augurs, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh-Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, Clothes Washers and Wringers, Patent Churns and Patent Machines generally, Grind-Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Cast Steel Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, Horse Shoes and Nails, Old Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks Well and Cistern Pumps, &c., &c.;

Harness and Saddlery Ware

of all kind, in great variety;

WOOD and WILLOW WARE

beyond description;

CARBON OIL and OIL LAMPS,

Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil Rosin, Tar, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.; Silver-Plated Ware, Glassware, &c

Family Groceries,

such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrups Molasses Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Hominy Fish, Crackers, Rice, Pearl Barley, &c.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Paint, Varnish, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe Stove, Dusting, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed-Cords, Manilla Ropes, and many other articles, at the *lowest rates for cash.*

HOUSE SPOUTING

made, painted and put up as cheap as possible FOR CASH. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware by wholesale. GEORGE HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, July 25, 1873.-tf.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves,

Heating Stoves.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

G. C. K. ZAHM,

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER GOODS USUALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,

Ebensburg, Pa.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER!

AS WE ALL KNOW, BUT THE

PRICES

At E. J. MILLS'

CHEAP CASH STORE,

Are not over, but rather under, those of any other dealer in

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Hats and Caps

Boots, Shoes, Notions,

GROCERIEES, FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, &C.

In this "Neck o' Timber."

A complete and elegant assortments of new goods now in store will positively be sold at the closest margin. Country produce at the highest market prices taken in exchange for goods. Full satisfaction guaranteed to all buyers. Store on High street, nea Centre street.

E. J. MILLS.

Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874.-tf.

EBENSBURG

BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS

JOHN D. THOMAS,

Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

FRANK W. HAY

Manufacturer,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet-Iron WARES,

AND DEALER IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

W. D. M'CLELLAND.........JOHN HANNAN.

M'CLELLAND & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Fancy and Plain

FURNITURE!

AND CHAIRS.

We keep constantly on hand in great variety a full line of elegant

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

IN STYLES AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL CUSTOMERS

Having the most skillful workmen in the city, we are prepared to fill all orders for

OFFICE AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!

IN PIECES OR SUITS,

At PRICES Below

Either Eastern or Western Manufacturers.

Wareroom, No. 81 FRANKLIN Street,

NEARLY OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

All Furniture sent for and delivered in the city free of charge. [3-13.'74.-tf.]

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and chairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Andrew Moses,

TAILOR AND DRAPER,

1 CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

A SAFE LIGHT

IT CANNOT BE EXPLODED.

ELAINE

THE FAMILY

SAFEGUARD

OIL.

Warden & Oxnard,

[2-12.] PITTSBURGH, PA. [6t.]

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING —The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking promptly and neatly done. The patronage of the ladies is respectfully solicited. [6-1.'71.]

Determined to be a Pirate.

RESULT OF PATERNAL DISCIPLINE ON A DETROIT BOY—ANGRY THOUGHTS IN A WOODSHED—A FOND FAREWELL ALL AROUND.

CHAPTER I.—THE BOY.

He was one of that kind of boys who need a good whipping about twice per week, but who think they ought not be whipped more than once in two years. His amusement was sliding down hill on nothing, bluffing some boys, and preparing Cayenne pepper lozenges for unsuspecting cats. He was often heard to remark:

"Things has to get up'n howl when Leonidas is around."

CHAPTER II.—AT TWILIGHT.

Time, sundown—scene, the interior of a well-preserved woodshed. The sound of blows and cries rent the solemn stillness of twilight's mystic hour, and the old man was heard saying:

"There, I guess that'll do you for a day or two! I've put up with your sass as long as I can!"

No reply—nothing but deep-drawn sobs and quavering sighs.

The old man threw away the strap and walked into the house, and Leonidas sat on the corner of an old table to meditate.

CHAPTER III.—A BLOODY RESOLVE.

"That's the last licking I'll ever take from any mortal man!" whispered the lad, shaking his fist at the kitchen door. "And I'll make the old man sorry that he ever laid a strap over his only son!"

He resolved to run away and become a pirate! He would sail the raging main, revel in murder, acquire ducats, and then come home and take revenge on his father. With Leonidas to resolve was to execute. He entered the house passed up stairs, and was soon engaged in making up a bundle, consisting of on pair of patched pants, one photograph of his girl, one jack-knife, one cotton sock, and a few walnuts. The bundle was thrown out of the window and then—

CHAPTER IV.—LEONIDAS LOOKS AROUND.

the room for the last time. The bedstead looked familiar and the old blue chest in the corner had a thousand tender memories connected with it, and the broken-down chair seemed to hold out it, arms and plead for him to stay.

"I would if the old man hadn't licked me," answered Leonidas; "but I'll show him what kind of a coffee mill I am!"

He passed down stairs, and failed to embrace the baby. He wasn't down on his mother, and he gave her a sweet smile. He crawled in behind the stove and whispered to the dog:

"Good-by, old Sampson. I'd like to stay here, but I'm too old to be licked!"

And he passed out doors, and the great wide world was before him.

CHAPTER V.—SOLEMN THOUGHTS.

Securing his bundle, Leonidas stept into the back yard to see if it was really best for him to become a pirate. The polar wave chewed at his ears and reddened his nose, and he wondered if the pirate business wasn't pretty cold business. He didn't care whether it best to make for Toledo or Chicago in order to become a buccaneer, but he finally passed through the gate. He walked around the house several times to catch a glimpse of his mother. It was hard to tear himself away. He knew how she would take on, next day, and the papers would call it another Charlie Ross case, and he decided to go into the yard and think it over again.

CHAPTER VI.—A RAY OF LIGHT.

After a little time spent in thought, Leonidas decided that if his father would agree never to lick him again and would give him $2 per week to buy candy, he would not run away and become a pirate. He would go in and make the proposition to the old man, and if it should be rejected—farewell to home—welcome a career of blood.

He went in. No one had noticed his absence, and each face looked as natural as if he hadn't been gone twenty-eight minutes. He felt some delicacy about broaching the proposition, and, as a "feeler," he asked the old man to lend him his knife. It was handed to him and returned after a while, and Leonidas decided to put off making the proposition until morning. He got into his little bed feeling that it was positively his last night, but the next forenoon he was heard splitting wood in the back yard and saying to Jack Sparling: "I've concluded to wait until he licks me just once more and then nothing can stop me—nothing on earth."—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

OPPORTUNE QUESTIONS.—Can any one tell why men who cannot pay small bills, can always find money to buy liquor, and treat when happening among their friends?

Can any one tell how young men who dodge their washerwoman, and are always behind with their landlords can play billiards night and day, and are always ready for a game of cards?

Can any one tell how men live and support their families who have no income and do not work, while others who are industrious and constantly employed are halt starved?

Can any one tell how it is that nine-tenths of the mothers are so ready to sew for the distant heathen, when their children at home are ragged and dirty.

Can any one tell why four-fifths of the young women prefer a brainless fop under a plug hat, with tight pants and short tailed coat, to an industrious hard working young man with some brains?

* * *

Now, after the lapse of ninety odd years, it has been discovered that spitting on the bait doesn't in the least help to catch the fish. Is there any one in Ameeica to-day who isn't as mad as blue blazes.